



A special supplement

Decade: from anger to apathy

PHOENIX

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San Francisco State University

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Twelve pages

Another cop resigns

by David Peterson

Within hours of assuming his new position as chief of University police on March 20, Jon Schorle was notified that another officer was leaving the department.

Steve Akasos is the fourth officer to leave since mid-February. He will depart at the end of this month, leaving the normally 15 man force with nine officers.

Akasos was with the force for eight months. Schorle said Akasos felt municipal police work related more to his career goals. Akasos expects to continue law enforcement with the City of Hayward, Schorle said.

"It was really more of a lateral move for Akasos," Schorle said. "We hate to see him go because his performance has been very good while he's been with us. But, this points up the urgency with which we must approach the hiring of new officers."

To ease the problem, Schorle appointed Officer William Bullock as departmental personnel officer and former acting chief Fred Andrews to the administrative services area.

Bullock will coordinate the patrol activities of officers and



Photo by Hector Esparza

Another empty car symbolizes the resignation of another police officer.

interview candidates for vacant positions.

Andrews is enrolled in a week-long executive development seminar at Golden Gate University. The seminar is designed to train police officers in personnel analysis and management.

Schorle said, "At the moment, we have about a dozen candidates we are inviting for the screening committee to interview."

He indicated it was difficult to determine how soon the police department will be back to full strength.

"Until we examine the candidates and their backgrounds more closely, it will be hard to know whether they are the types of people appropriate for our campus law enforcement," Schorle said.

Akasos was unavailable for comment.

Wine on campuses OK'd by Trustees

by Eric Newton

LONG BEACH--The CSUC Board of Trustees yesterday voted nine to four to approve wine sales on campus.

Three years ago, the trustees voted to allow beer sales on campus for the first time.

The result: "Better interaction between students and faculty," according to Craig Jones, Student Presidents Association (SPA) member.

SF State is one of 11 schools in the 19 campus system currently selling beer.

Trustee William O. Weissich of San Rafael made the motion to allow wine sales. Earlier, he said, "Since I was the father of beer, I should be the mother of wine."

Five of the schools serving beer reported a profit while the remainder including SF State said they broke even.

The decision to tip glasses in addition to mugs is now up to the university presidents on each campus.

In other action, the full board put off taking a position of the Jarvis-Gann initiative.

The initiative, Proposition 13 on the June ballot, would drastically reduce California property taxes and is predicted to cause a loss of state educational funds.

Among those who oppose the initiative are the state Academic Senate and the United Professors of California. The SPA urged a hard look at the proposition.

Board chairman Roy T. Brophy could have forced a decision on the vote, but chose to abstain, saying

CSUC is not directly involved in the initiative.

Trustee Michael Peevey of San Rafael said, "It is the most irresponsible proposition I have seen in many years."

Peevey, who brought the issue before the board, said he wanted the item to be listed under "action" and the Chancellor's Office misunderstood him.

In committee, the item got the required two-thirds vote to change its label to "action." The committee voted to oppose Jarvis-Gann.

But the board wouldn't. "Put it up for action at the May meeting, then Mike Peevey will remember that word," outspoken Walnut Creek trustee Dean Leshner said.

"It is not the duty of this board to tell the people of California how to vote on an issue," he said. "Legislation before the state senate is different."

Leshner said he had no position on the initiative, but predicted it would pass.

"I have talked to many of my friends. It is the only opportunity for them to cast a vote against a system which they believe is taxing them to death," he said.

Leshner also said the CSUC system would survive a revenue cut, but other trustees predicted "disaster" and the closing of small campuses.

The board will review the results of a statistical study of the issue at its May meeting, about one week before the election.

Yesterday morning a trustee committee debated for almost one hour before tabling a change in the gender of "chairman" and "he" in the rules of procedure to "chair" and "he or she."

Although debate was sometimes lighthearted (General Counsel Mayer

Chapman suggested changing his name to Chap-person) serious speeches by female board members, including SF State student and trustee Kay Carlson, led to the ordering of a study to find out if women are offended by the titles.

The trustees also acknowledged the acquisition of a deed from the federal government for an SF State field station in Tiburon.

The board accepted reports from the internal audit staff on the student governments at Los Angeles, Fullerton and Northridge.

A system-wide AS audit has been completed and mailed to the trustees. It will become public record when they receive it in the mail.

The student trustee position vacated by Carlson after this meeting was expected to be filled by Gov. Edmund G. Brown Jr. this week, but no announcement was made by press time.

Research for this story was made possible by a grant from the Reader's Digest Foundation.

Instructor loses appeal

by Kate Campbell

Teresa Lee, an SF State part-time instructor who charged discrimination when she wasn't rehired for the Fall 1977 semester, lost her fight before a grievance committee for reinstatement.

Lee, who is an American Indian, was recently informed of the committee's decision, which was approved by SF State President Paul F. Romberg.

Professors Natalia Costa (foreign language), Marie Bizek (nursing), and William Chapin (journalism) were selected at random to hear Lee's grievance.

The committee, chaired by Costa, decided there was no evidence of discrimination, and instead heard testimony about Lee's competence.

The committee upheld the decision of the English Department and Lee was not rehired. Hearings were held over a period of several months and testimony was given at open meetings.

Costa said, "I understand how Teresa feels. I started as a part-time lecturer myself in 1967 and wasn't rehired until 1970, but a part-time teacher has no guarantee of a job."

"The witnesses Lee called were students and other part-time instructors. A couple of essays (written by her students in class) presented to the committee did not have any errors corrected, just comments and a line drawn down the side."

"She didn't correct spelling or errors in sentence structure. She just gave a grade. Some things that were correct she marked wrong."

Lee said she did not want to correct every mistake on a paper because it was too discouraging to students learning to write. She felt it was more important for a student to try than to be correct.

Lee received her master's in English from the same department which decided that her English teaching skills were inadequate.

Costa said Lee had an excellent rapport with her students and was able to get them interested in the subject matter.

Prior to the decision not to rehire Lee, the English Department told Lee to take English 657, "Projects in Teaching Writing," and turn her graded papers over to an evaluating committee. She did not comply with these requirements.

Lee's claim of English Department discrimination stems in part from the fact that the department is made up almost entirely of white males. Lee claimed she was discharged because of her race.

Lawrence Ianni, dean of faculty affairs, said, "Local policies regarding part-time teachers are currently under study by a task force from the Chancellor's Office. The task force has issued some recommendations but no changes in policies applying to part-time people have been made."

Jonathan Siegal, Lee's attorney, said, "We haven't filed court action yet because we wanted to go through the grievance procedure first, but we may file a discrimination suit."

Lee has been sent a copy of the committee's report. She could not be reached for comment.

Volunteers take lives into their own hands

by Carol Craig

Student suicide runs high in the United States. It is the third most common cause of death (after accidents and murders) in people from 15-24 years old. About 4,000 people in this age group kill themselves annually.

More than 200 people in San Francisco will kill themselves this year. The signals of potential suicide in a depressed person may be overlooked by family and friends. Myths cloud the facts, and a conspiracy of silence produced by embarrassment prevents potential suicide victims from seeking help.

One place that tries to help is San Francisco Suicide Prevention. It was founded in 1962, by Englishman Bernard Mayes to help deal with the suicide rate in the city. This non-profit organization receives telephone calls 24 hours a day, seven days a week.

The center has six paid employees and 140 volunteers manning the phones. About 2,500 calls are received each month; all are kept confidential. Some callers are referred to community resources, psychologists, police, doctors and ministers. But most callers just want to vent their feelings.

The volunteers, who range in age from 18 to over 60, receive 24 hours of training in the psychology and methodology of suicide.

In 1976, 205 people killed themselves in San Francisco, according to the Coroner's Office. More men than women committed suicide.

Every day 80 to 90 calls come in to the center; five to 10 per cent a month are emergencies -- "I've got a loaded gun in my hand; I'm going to kill myself."

The best thing a volunteer can do in this situation is say "Okay, now take the bullets out of the gun and put it somewhere else." From there the volunteer deals with immediate emotions. Some calls are traced when the caller is in danger, but it may take from 45 minutes to over an hour to locate the caller.

The Suicide Prevention volunteers respond as if each caller is serious about dying. Whatever the reasons for calling, the callers are asking for help.

Most of the people calling are between 30 and 50 years old.

The center is funded by the United

Way, Westside District, the City and County of San Francisco, the U.S. Commission on Aging and contributions from the public.

Sara Campos, program assistant at the center, helps with volunteers. She is a psychology major at the University of San Francisco. She was once a volunteer, but now earns about \$700 a month.

"Campos said the center is successful."

"The suicide rate is going down," she said. "I don't know if this is directly in response to the center, or if there is a change in statistical recording procedure."

"But what is neat is when someone calls and says 'thank you.'"

According to Campos, the present goal for the center is to have a 24-hour, seven-day-a-week line for bilingual callers. There is a need for bilingual volunteers.

San Francisco has special problems that may prod a potential suicide

victim to the breaking point. One is density: too many people, too little space. Secondly, the city's transient population makes it difficult to make friends.

David Phillips, an associate professor of psychology at UC San Diego, said there may even be a correlation between the suicide rate and the way the press treats news of suicides.

Some people admire individuals, especially famous people, who have committed suicide.

"There has to be fertile soil into which the seed falls," Phillips said.

Studies have shown that there is no stereotyped suicidal person. Doctors agree there is no genetic trait.

Myths keep suicide behind closed doors.

Myth: A person who fails once will try again to commit suicide. Fact: First of all, only one attempt in 10 succeeds. Since the crisis is usually temporary, the emotions and critical periods pass.

Myth: After a suicide attempt the matter should be closed. Fact: Counseling is necessary for all survivors (friends, family and victim) to build up the foundations of their lives again.

Myth: More suicides occur at the Christmas holidays. Fact: "More suicides occur in the spring," Campos said. "We don't get more calls then, but the calls we do get are more intense."

Some studies have shown that astrology and the moon have an effect on the rate of suicide, Campos said.

"I can't say how statistically sound they are, but speaking as someone who answers the phones, I can say there are more calls when there is a full moon," she said.

Campos said there is an overload of calls on dreary and gray days. "The weather does affect state of mind."

Depression is a key state of mind in contemplating suicide. It has its classic

Continued on Page 7, Column 5

John Deltorto

Teacher's sudden death

by Lisa Brewer

John Deltorto, 58, associate professor of psychology at SF State, died Monday afternoon of an apparent heart attack.

He was stricken while preparing to leave the John McLaren Park golf course and was pronounced dead on arrival at Alemany Emergency Hospital.

Deltorto was appointed as an assistant professor at SF State in January, 1959 and was promoted to associate professor in 1964.

He was coordinator of the Industrial-Organizational Psychology graduate program here.

Deltorto wrote a book of translations of old Italian folk tales which was published this year. The book, called *Novice Tales*, is the first

known translation of the bawdy works of Pietre Fortini, a 16th century folk tale writer.

Deltorto received his doctorate in psychology at UC Berkeley in 1961. He did his undergraduate work at City College of New York, where he received his BA in 1946.

He is survived by his wife, Lena, and a teen-age son, David.

"He was a close and personally valued colleague of mine," said Walter Coppock, professor of psychology here. "We will all feel the loss very deeply."

Private family services are being arranged.

"We are planning an on-campus memorial of some kind," said Stephen Rauch, chairman of the psychology department. "The time and date aren't set yet. Interested persons may call the department for more details."



Suicide: a final answer to problems larger than life.

Photo by Walter Weiss

Switching sides

Student lobbyist takes Chancellor's job offer

by Eric Newton

Scott Plotkin calls it "falling off a fence." But some might say he just switched sides.

Plotkin quit this week as student lobbyist in Sacramento to sign with a bigger, richer squad — the Chancellor's Office.

He had persuaded legislators to see the students' side of issues for 2½ years.

The 24-year-old Sacramento State student got a standing ovation at his farewell speech at Monday's Student Presidents Association's (SPA) meeting in Long Beach.

Plotkin ends a seven-year career as a student political activist and will join Chancellor Glenn S. Dumke's staff as assistant to James Jensen, government affairs director.

He'll be working for the executive branch of the California State University and College (CSUC) system.

"I don't feel like I'm backstabbing anyone," he said over a sandwich. "Most of the issues that the chancellor and students disagreed on have been resolved."

Some of those disagreements led to Plotkin's greatest satisfaction as a lobbyist.

"When I started, the Chancellor's Office could issue executive orders to the SPA. He could tell them what to do. Now, they're autonomous."

Plotkin also helped write a bill which created the position of student trustee on the Board of Trustees, the controlling body of the CSUC system. He is also proud of his work on Assembly Bill 647 which sets up the state as guarantor for student loans.

Plotkin is average in height, build and length of hair. He wears wire-rimmed glasses and smokes a pipe. He wears suits and ties, and carries at least three pens in his breast pocket.

For a while, he had stomach problems.

"The job can be very frustrating. I got emotionally involved in several of the issues, like the IR (Instructionally Related) fee."

The IR activity fee begins this fall. SF State students will probably pay a five dollar fee, according to Wayne Lukaris, Associated Students president.

The largest IR activity on every campus is sports. Others include: forensics, Ethnic Studies programs, creative arts productions, the model United Nations and campus literary magazines.

Plotkin said the IR fee is a direct result of Gov. Edmund G. Brown, Jr.'s actions.

"This past year he has neglected students. We tried to get an AS fee raise but he vetoed it. We tried to get extra state money, and I lobbied for \$1 million. He vetoed that."

The state now pays \$500,000 a year to the 19-campus system for IR funding.

Plotkin said the new fee is the best possible solution for students. "The alternative was to eliminate almost all IR programs."

Scott Plotkin didn't always want to be a lobbyist. He traveled around the country with an Air Force family until settling in Sacramento in 1968. In high school he wanted to be an architect.

He enrolled at Cal State Poly, San Luis Obispo and it all began.

"I was only doing C work in advanced design classes. I realized I had to make a change."

Plotkin switched his major to business Administration and raised his grade point average to 3.0. He ran for Student Senate and won. He then served as union board chairman, ASI president, SPA chairman and in a bunch of other organizations.

"When the lobbyist resigned I was president of the SPA — in the right place at the right time — and I got the job."

Plotkin worked his way up the SPA pay scale until he reached the \$900 per month ceiling. He was working 40 to 60 hours a week and taking two night classes at Sacramento State. He has not yet graduated.

"I was married to the job. My social life was my most regrettable sacrifice."

Plotkin would not say what his new salary will be.

The word lobbyist has the image of bulging wallets

and under the table pay-offs in smoke filled rooms, but Plotkin said he's different.

"I've never even bought dinner for a legislator," he grinned. "One, it's against my principles and two, the SPA doesn't have enough money. Legislators will take me to dinner, though."

Plotkin said the SPA has grown since he has been active in it.

"Before 1974, we couldn't even get a quorum at half the meetings. We have had quorums at every meeting since then."

He said the biggest problem now, with an active SPA, is telling students what they know.

"I get appreciation, but it's latent. I've talked before classes and people have always been amazed about what is going on in Sacramento."

Plotkin said only six or seven CSUC campus newspapers cover the SPA and "you can't make people read the stories."

"Basically, what I do is wade through legislation. We pay a fee to have every bit of it sent to the office and I go through it all. I separate legislation that affects students and analyze it, then present a position to the student presidents. They decide what stand to take."

Legislation isn't hard to understand, he said.

"The difficult thing is finding the political reasons behind the legislation. A good lobbyist has to get to know legislators personally."

"Generally, I like the legislators. But there are some who don't think students have any business in Sacramento and they won't give me the time of day."

Plotkin said there is a current syndrome at the state capitol. "Everyone wants to support the underdog. Well, that's us."

Lobbyists' personalities vary but Plotkin said they all have one thing in common: "the gift of gab."

"You're constantly taking stands on things. You have to have a big mouth and be ready to use it. Much of the job is talking on your feet."

Plotkin was serving a one-year extension term while looking for a job. Now, the SPA is looking for his replacement.

The SPA will consider applications at their April meeting. In May, they will interview candidates and make their choice.

The new lobbyist will take office June 1. Applications are available at the AS office in the Student Union.

Plotkin says he'll help the new lobbyist learn the job. Craig Jones, the SPA's link to the Chancellor's Office, will work 10 more hours per week to do part of Plotkin's job until a replacement can be found.

Low voter turnouts worry many student body presidents. Plotkin said the type of campus causes the turnout.

"On campuses where the vote is low, students' lives don't revolve around the school. At (Cal State Poly) San Luis Obispo, we always had a voter turnout of 35 percent."

A pet gripe of his is the name "student government." "Governments make laws. Student body organizations don't. They're designed to provide students with activities and give them experience in representation. They can't force the students to do anything."

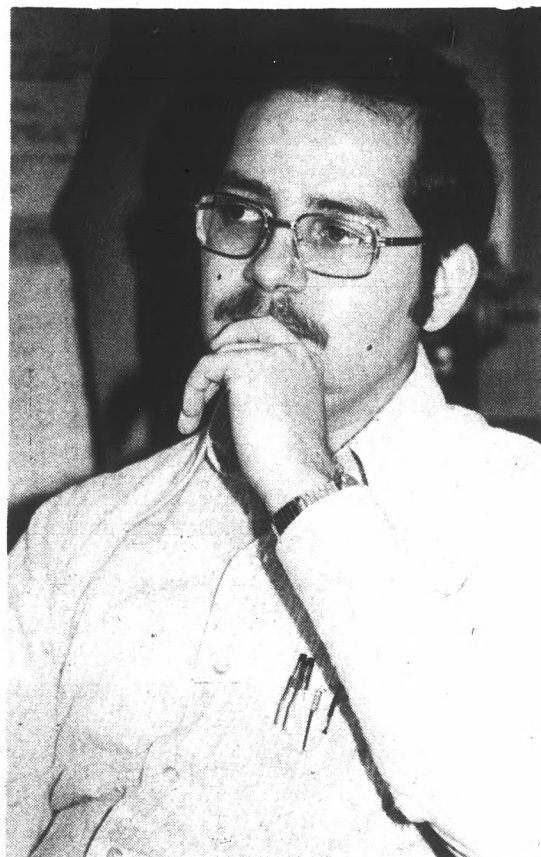
Every student is affected by their student body leaders, Plotkin maintains.

"Have you ever received a student loan? Seen an AS sponsored concert or play? Read a student body newspaper?"

If student governments disappear tomorrow, Plotkin said we "would return to crisis-oriented campuses. Students would have no ear on the legislative process, chancellor or trustee plans. Everything would just be sprung on them... fee increases... faculty changes..."

He says the system won't work without a student political force to balance the existing bureaucracy.

"Let me give you the old college president's quote: 'Running colleges would be great fun if it wasn't for the students.'"



Scott Plotkin, former CSUC lobbyist.

State Senate ponders bills of concern

Three current state Senate bills affect SF State students.

The legislation was analyzed by Scott Plotkin, former Student Presidents Association (SPA) lobbyist. Each bill is followed by the SPA position:

* SB 1466 (Carpenter, R-Orange) — Would require that an unemployed individual be 18 years or older to be eligible for unemployment. SPA opposes.

* SB 1672 (Robbins, D-Los Angeles) — This bill would require that banks which receive demand or time deposits of state funds must have a portfolio of student loans equal to at least four percent of such deposits. SPA has no recommendation.

* SB 1645 (Ayala, D-Los Angeles) — This bill would protect persons who sell or furnish alcoholic beverages to an intoxicated person from civil liability when the intoxicated person inflicts injury upon a third party. SPA supports.

The IR fee: 'horror stories'

LONG BEACH — CSUC student presidents met here this week to trade "horror stories" about the new Instructionally Related activity fee that will hit campuses this fall.

IR activities include: intercollegiate sports, forensics, the model United Nations, campus literary magazines, and some ethnic studies and creative arts programs.

The CSUC Board of Trustees ordered committees set up on each campus — with half student representation — to recommend separate fee rates to fund these programs.

Previously, the state has funded IR programs, but state funding was reduced by Gov. Edmund G. Brown, Jr. student governments say they cannot fund these activities without drawing heavily from their budgets.

The horror stories center around college presidents' interference with the IR committees.

The fee may be set from \$0-\$5. SF State's fee is expected to be \$5 a semester.

Craig Jones, the Student Presidents Association (SPA) link to the Chancellor's Office, told CSUC faculty and staff that two cases of alleged interference were reported.

Jones called the incidents a "breach of faith."

Bill Brewer, Fresno State student president, said university president Norman A. Baxter "gave me three options which boiled down to one. He said there could be no fee unless ASI funds a \$80,000 recreation center."

The IR committees recommended a fee to the university presidents who pass it on to Chancellor Glen S. Dumke. Dumke must give final approval.

AS organizations will not have to fund IR activities if the plan works to perfection. The student governments will have more money for other programs this fall.

Gloria Cobb, Bakersfield AS president, said college president Jacob P. Frankel also indicated his preference on the fee amount.

Jones said, "It leaves a bad taste in my mouth. There might be restrictions on some of the campuses' committees."

Wayne Lukaris, SF State AS leader, said committee work on this campus is moving smoothly and President Paul F. Romberg is cooperative.

San Luis Obispo President, Robert E. Kennedy, told the SPA that presidents can give opinions as long as they don't meet with the committees.

"Now, I've got a horror story for you," Kennedy said.

He told the students that separation of IR programs and non-IR programs is not easy.

"There are some programs related to instruction, like student teachers, that will never be included under this fee," Kennedy said.

Lukaris said he wants to include KSFS and TVC, SF State's radio and television stations, under the IR umbrella.

"Donald Garrity, SF State provost, told me it couldn't be done because the departments never included the first year."

He said one bad campus fee proposal could "ruin it for everyone."

A third problem with the fee is that it must be collected on many campuses before it is set.

Chancellor staff member Ed Marcias said one solution is to assume and collect a \$5 fee and refund if the fee is set lower.

"But it's up to the campus business manager. He's got to make some kind of decision," Marcias said.

The SPA also voted to pay their \$1,100 dues to attend a national lobbying conference in Washington, D.C. April 14-18.

The purpose of the meeting is a

merger between two national student groups, the National Student Lobby and National Student Association.

"The NSL is a pretty good organization, but the NSA is fucked up," one SPA member said.

Since 1974, when the SPA became politically charged, it has battled the NSA.

Western delegates are considered mavericks at the Washington convention.

There are two main issues this year — proxy voting and quotas.

Together, the SPA and the University of California student group have almost half of the total national vote. With proxy voting, California students could cut travel costs by sending a few delegates to cast all their votes.

Eastern schools oppose proxies, fearing the western vote block, according to SPA members who think the proxy rule will carry over into the merged organization.

The SPA also opposes the quota rule, which sets a certain amount of minority and women representation in every group.

"I was elected to this job and nobody is going to tell me I can't go because I'm not a woman or minority," Lukaris said. "The students picked me."

One irate member said, "The people we deal with, from Missouri and states like that, have no idea what student government should be. They have twice the students, but only one-tenth of our budget."

The SPA also recently raised their dues, from 15 to 20 cents. Every CSUC student pays these dues through the student activities fee.

SF State still owes \$3,585 in last year's dues. Lukaris said the bill will be paid.

Research for these stories was made possible by a grant from the Reader's Digest Foundation.

— E. N.

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Romberg: architect of academia

by Dick Thompson

"Enough, if something from our hands have power to live and act, and serve the future hour."

— Wordsworth

It's an unusual day. The towers of the Student Union reach into a blue sky. A blonde woman offers leaflets to passersby.

A warm breeze ripples across the commons. People drop books in the grass and fall beside them to toast in the sun.

Paul F. Romberg, SF State's president, watches all this. He has swiveled away from a meeting to gather his thoughts and, as is his habit, gazes down from his fifth floor office onto the students below.

"There will be a demonstration next week," says Don Scoble, director of public affairs.

This half hour mid-morning conference has been called to discuss plans for the May commencement. The demonstration Scoble is talking about is a trial run of a new public address system for the graduation exercises.

his desk in less than 20 minutes.

And then he'll turn to a student in his office and charm the shirt off his back.

But nowhere in a full day of appointments will he feel more comfortable than in the luncheon meeting of the University Academic Planning Group.

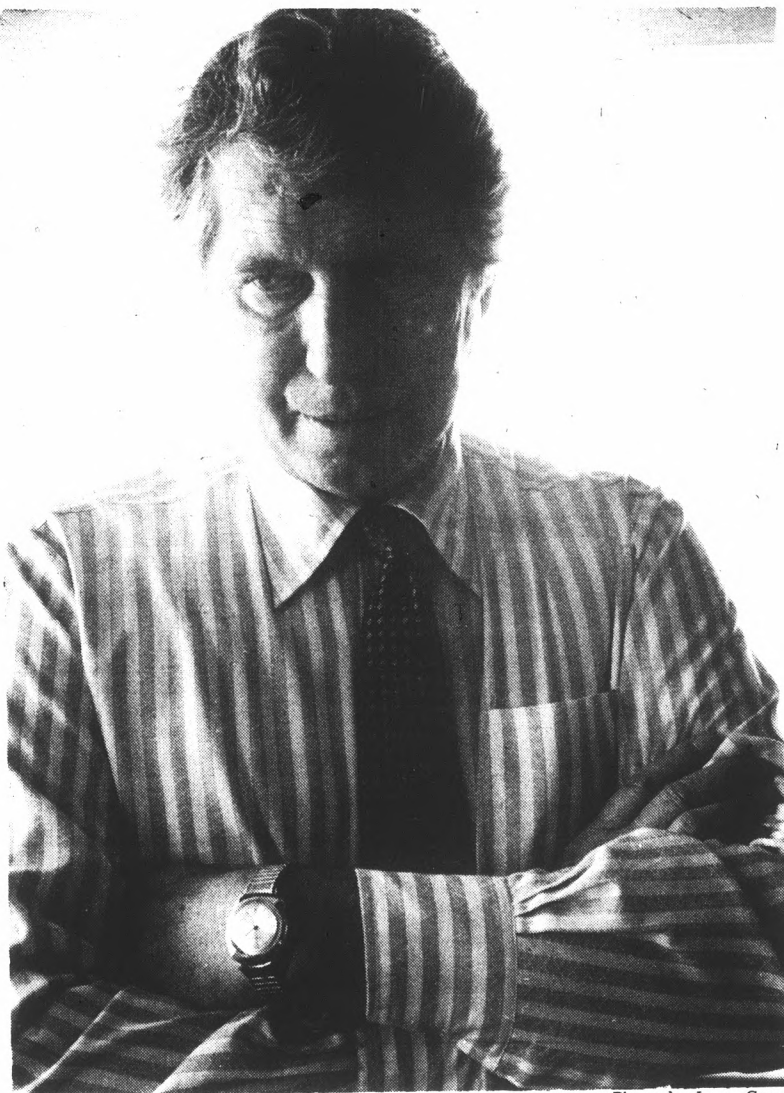
It is a meeting that he does not chair, and offers very little advice. It is a meeting in which administrators and instructors will eat Deli sandwiches, drink juice, leaf through a book of graphs and discuss the future needs of comparative literature.

Romberg is a builder, tied in space to 93 acres of instructional community, but freed in time.

He first began building when he was a botany instructor at Iowa State. There were 20 botany majors when he arrived, and 80 when he left three years later.

But just increasing the size of the department wasn't enough. He didn't want to turn out botany majors to sell insurance. One of the students at that time remembers:

"Paul went out during the summer and worked very diligently in various



SF State President Paul F. Romberg.

Photo by Lynn Carey

Romberg is a builder, tied in space to 93 acres of instructional community, but freed in time.

Romberg surveys the campus, then notices the 72 bus rounding Lake Merced and, beyond, the boundary of the Pacific.

"The swallows have come back," he says.

Dutifully, the director of public affairs, the president's executive secretary and the resident stage manager rise, agree and return to the discussion.

He swivels back into the meeting and the "ratchet effect" takes over. The ratchet effect is the ability some administrators have to click into different types of meetings as the day progresses. With computer experts he'll comfortably use their buzz words.

He'll clear several stacks of mail off

areas preparing jobs for students who would be graduating in a year or two.

Gradually, Romberg's organizational talents drew him away from the classroom.

One person who was there remembers, "It was such a lovely, simple process; you never really recognized that it was happening."

He worked for a time for the National Science Foundation, became the vice president of academic affairs at Chico, and then was appointed president of Cal State Bakersfield, the newest state college.

Kenneth Secor, who came to Bakersfield with Romberg to provide assistance, remembers, "We came to this community with briefcase in hand and nothing else. We had a budget for

a small planning staff, some rental money for offices, and a little money to buy some desks and typewriters and so forth."

Romberg was given 400 acres on which to build a campus.

He convinced out-of-state educators to head departments. He spoke to so many groups that he developed voice trouble. He sold community leaders on the idea of a nursing building. And he raised \$8 million from wills and private donations.

This may have been his happiest time.

The air was still vibrating from S.I. Hayakawa's bull horn when Romberg became president of SF State. Distrust

the University community can fully comprehend the complexities of the possible changes that will have to be considered. Still, 'change' must be faced and its implications examined. To do otherwise abandons the hope of the future to the anxieties of the present and past."

Renovation and refurbishing

by an even more significant growth in quality."

After the planning meeting he stretches to his six-foot-plus height and stands before his corner window.

"Look at those buildings," he says. "You look out on this campus and you see the office of architecture's hand in all of this. And you see

The air was still vibrating from S.I.

Hayakawa's bull horn when Romberg became president of SF State.

replaced construction.

He is the symbol of transplanted Californians. He is a man who saw the future in terms of the buildings he could help construct and one day walk through — stymied by codes, regulations, finite budgets and limited space.

He is a man from the vast emptiness of Nebraska, who created a place in the California valley, and has run into the limitations of the Pacific.

With no place left to build he is building into the future, guided by some nebulous concept of quality. "Quality" pops up often in his writings:

"The benefit of a modern, well-equipped Health Center will bring considerable improvement in the quality of life for our students."

About the New Administration Building he said, "Offices scattered over the campus will be brought together under one roof, and we anticipate some fundamental gains in the quality of administration."

This building and the Student Union are intended to "improve the quality of life significantly for all of us who are involved in the life of the University."

"There are qualitative improvements we can realistically anticipate at San Francisco State University. This requires a spirit of creativity, enthusiasm and cooperation in our enterprise. The days of our greatest growth are not necessarily behind us."

"While the decades of the 50s and 60s were periods of great increases in quantity, we have good reason to expect the 70s and 80s will be marked

nothing but a bunch of cubicles. They design the building and you put a program into it. It should be the other way around, with curriculum dictating design."

He lights his pipe and continues:

"I'm guided by two things I learned as a young faculty member. And the older I get the truer they become. The first is that a teacher affects eternity; he never knows where his influence stops. And the second is that a good teacher is to be revered even more than a parent."

"That puzzled me for a long time."

"But if, as productive citizens, we are going to continue being productive, we're going to have to be students all of our lives, devoting more time with our teachers than our parents."

Outside the other window in his corner office is the top of a pine tree. It reaches more than 50 feet between the New Administration Building and HLL, and stops just beneath Romberg's north facing window, as if it were only a bush outside a kitchen.

"You can look back and see a teacher who's had a profound influence on your life and you are going to share that with others, and they with others. And where does it stop?"

Beneath the tree two students sit on a wooden bench. One is having lunch, the other is studying a book of French. Around them, students and teachers move from class to class.

Romberg puffs on his pipe, turns away from the window and asks:

"Where does it stop?"

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"Info" editor to retire next year

by Michael Musser

Norman K. Dorn, senior staff writer for SF State's Campus News Service, will probably retire sometime next year.

Dorn, 62, has been writing news releases and publicity articles for the university for 16 years.

His office on the fourth floor of the Administration Building is as cluttered as a professor's office or a newspaperman's work area.

Dorn is a traditionalist, still pounding away at his old Royal typewriter.

"It's the only one to have," he said. Dorn is an integral part of the group that makes up the public affairs machine headed by Don Scoble.

He edits *Info*, the monthly campus newsletter. *Info* has a circulation of 2,000 on campus and 350 off campus.

Dorn also has a deep-rooted interest in the romanticism of old movies. He came to SF State after working 15 years in arranging publicity for the San Francisco Theaters, Inc.

It was a matter of energy and time that led him to SF State.

Dorn explained his coming to State

as "the end of the trail of the film festival."

"It was getting bigger and bigger, and it was all I could stand after 15 years. It all got to be too much for me, so I put in an application at State and that was it."

"They called me the next week and I was hired."

Since 1956 Dorn has contributed articles to the drama and book section of the *Sunday San Francisco Chronicle*. In 1965 he began writing weekly articles for the *Chronicle* on silent movie festivals.

When Dorn came to SF State in 1962, "the school was kind of a cottage industry."

His life in public affairs has been more than a job to him; it has been his purpose in a complex society. He said there is a special distinction between public affairs at the college level and that on the corporate levels. "I'm not concerned with profit margins or with lining the pocket of some corporate official," he said.

"So much more is offered now than when I came here," Dorn said in reference to SF State. "There are more inducements to older people. The over



Norman K. Dorn, senior staff writer for Campus News Service.

60 club and the re-entry program are good examples," he said.

"Things get more ponderous from day to day," Dorn said. "It's easy to lose sight of the good elements in education."

Dorn paraphrased one of his favorite authors in regards to his forthcoming retirement. "It's like going on a journey only to see the coach pull

away ahead of you. In that split second I lost the future."

Dorn said he will continue to write for the *Chronicle* after he leaves SF State.

In the fast changing society of America, Dorn considers himself one of the last true press agents.

"I just keep writing it and throwing it out," he said.

Two new presidents chosen by Trustees

by Eric Newton

LONG BEACH--The CSUC Board of Trustees filled two presidential vacancies on Monday.

Thomas P. Day, an administrator at the University of Maryland, Baltimore County campus, was named San Diego State president.

Day must now move west before taking office this summer.

"The real estate prices are somewhat of a shock," he said.

Hugh O. LaBounty, Jr., for 10 months the acting president at Pomona State, was appointed permanent president.

"I'm surprised," he said. "But I'm planning no major changes. I think the Pomona administrators are an outstanding bunch."

Presidential vacancies still exist in Sacramento and San Jose.

San Diego and Pomona student body presidents were optimistic about the appointments.

Steve Glazer of San Diego said "Day was the students' favorite. I think he's going to be a fair and good administrator."

Barney Path of Pomona said "LaBounty likes direct student input. He'll help the school in the academic

area. He has my unequivocal support."

Both appointments were made unanimously by the Trustees after an executive session.

Chancellor Glenn S. Dumke introduced the new presidents to waiting reporters.

Dumke praised LaBounty's work at Pomona and said Day's leadership was "effective" and his teaching "brilliant."

Day, a physicist known for his study of high energy particles, earned his doctorate from Cornell University in 1957.

Day is the sixth president of San Diego State, the second largest CSUC campus with 30,853 students.

New Pomona president LaBounty has a 14,000 student campus.

SF State had 23,990 enrolled students last year.

LaBounty has held many positions at Pomona, including executive vice president, president for academic affairs, social science department chairman and first English department chairman.

Both presidents were appointed after a search by an 11-member selection group made up of community, campus, and statewide representatives.

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by David R

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State PUC to prohibit junk calls

by David Ruiz del Vizo, Jr.

The telephone company has filed a rule with the state Public Utilities Commission that would prohibit making junk calls in California. Unless the commission suspends it, the ban should go into effect on June 1.

Eugene Raleigh, information officer of the PUC, said junk calls have been under investigation for the past few years. This year the results were brought before a PUC hearing.

Junk calls are phone solicitations made by machines. Phone numbers are dialed automatically, then a sales pitch is played. The call ties up the line.

"They're annoying, an invasion of privacy, and a public health and safety hazard," Raleigh said. "With their modern technology, they can jam the telephone network."

Other problems associated with junk calling, according to Raleigh, involve free speech and a citizen's right to privacy.

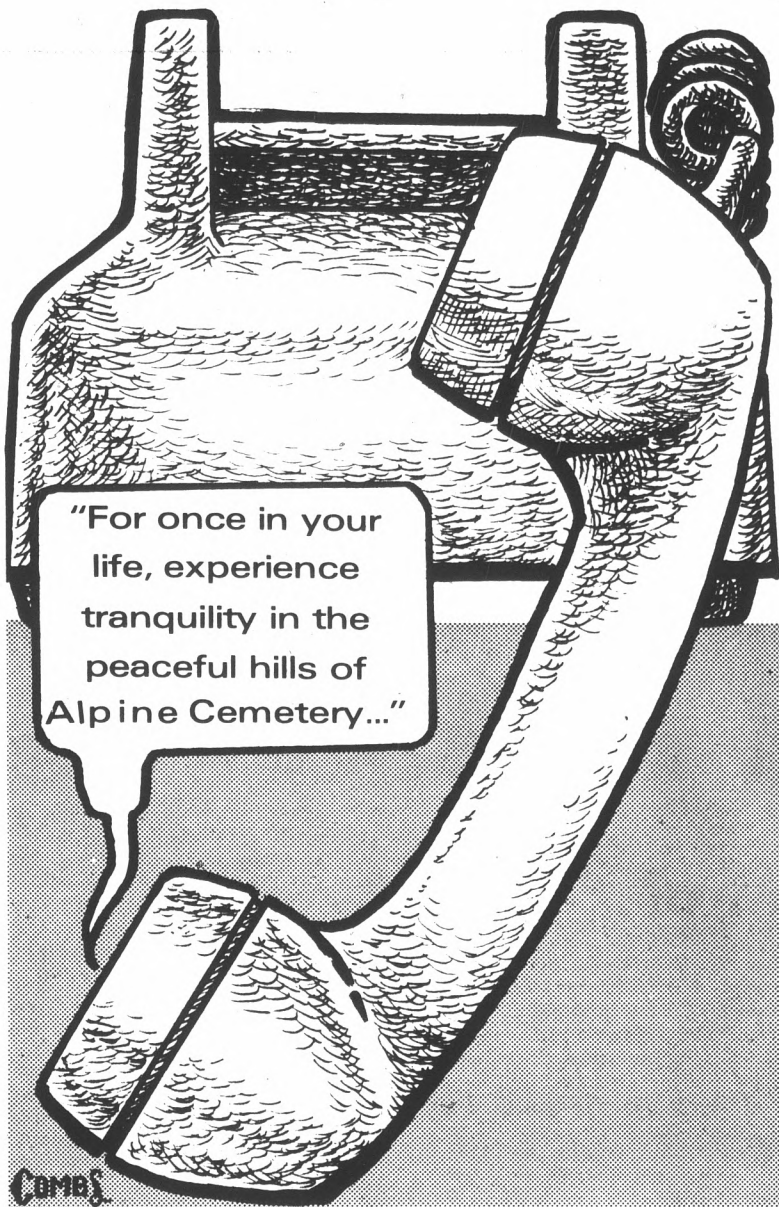
"You may have the right to tell me something, but I don't have to listen," Raleigh said.

Unlike regular telephone solicitation, a machine has no way of determining if the customer wants to hear the message.

The PUC's main concern is the danger junk calls can cause to public health and safety.

"If you have to call the police or fire department," Raleigh said, "you wouldn't be able to get through."

Someone getting a junk call would have to wait anywhere from 10 to 36



seconds before hearing a dial tone, he said.

According to Raleigh, some machines can make up to a thousand calls an hour, jamming an entire telephone network.

"Automatic calling systems do have advantages," Raleigh said. "If a church or an organization wants to contact its members, they can be useful."

Raleigh said junk calls try to sell commodities such as real estate, or services such as furnace cleaning.

"Some can be fraudulent, but that's

not our determination," he said.

Waller Stein, spokesman for the San Francisco District Attorney's office, said there has been no investigation of possible junk call frauds, nor are any lawsuits filed.

Making junk calls is cheaper than sending out junk mail, according to Raleigh. It costs five cents to make a call and seven cents to mail.

Later this year, the PUC plans to have a hearing on other forms of telephone solicitation. The commission will decide what kinds of solicitation will be permitted in California.

In search of lost alumni

by Ken Dorter

Esther Riecks Koch has been an integral part of SF State's Alumni Association since 1941. As a member of the association, she strives to "give something back" to the university.

The goal of the Alumni Association is to build a strong organization of people concerned with the welfare of SF State. The association has launched a campaign to locate members who have lost contact with the campus community. It is also attempting to recruit new people to add to its 2,500

Members are expected to be concerned with university affairs, and to contribute time and money to the university.

Koch contributed \$1,000 to the Student Union Association, a piano for the Barbary Coast Room and \$500 toward the purchase of a clock for the Student Union tower.

Benefits for alumni members include full library privileges, reduced admission to theatrical productions and athletic events, subscription to the alumni publication, eligibility for Alumni travel programs and credit in the university blood bank.

According to part-time executive secretary, Mary Beall Brakeman, the association does not receive state funding. It depends on membership dues, grants and special donations. Members pay either five dollars a year or 75 dollars for a life membership. Anyone who has received a degree from SF State or attended five semesters here can become a member of the Alumni Association.

In the past, the association created seven \$200 scholarships and commissioned a portrait of Fenton McKenna, former dean of Creative Arts Department, for \$2,500.

"We don't know where our alumni are," said Don Scoble, alumni association liaison. He said many members "disappear," and contacting them through the mail is difficult and costly.

Koch said the Alumni Association has been suffering from leadership problems since she joined 37 years ago. "Volunteers can do some work, but it takes a leader to direct," she said. She also cited a need for a greater tie between the university and alumni.

A five-member team in a marketing research class designed a questionnaire

last fall to evaluate the kinds of people who are Alumni Association members, their reasons for joining the benefits they want to see added.

The questionnaire indicated an even split between those who joined the association for the benefits and those who desired an identification with the university.

Suggestions for improving the association included, use of campus sports facilities, access to foreign language labs, discounts on graduate courses, more travel opportunities and use of the libraries at other universities.

Ray Doyle, an alumni member and

broadcast professor called the association, "An important leg of any university." Doyle does public relations for the association.

An Alumni Membership Development Program has been designed to increase the participation of former students at SF State. The year project funded by the Association and the Associated Students is expected to generate enough membership to make the association self-supporting, develop new employment opportunities, increase student-alumni contact, increase financial aid and scholarships and stimulate donors for the university.

Women continue fight for separate office

by Laurie Strand

The Women's Center is still without its own office after a month-and-a-half search.

Concerned women protested the merging of the center with the Program Action Center in February. Since then, AS President Wayne Lukaris has been meeting with a committee from the Women's Center to discuss alternate locations for a separate office. So far no action has been taken, according to the committee.

Lukaris acknowledged the need for a center, but has not been successful in helping the women find a space. He contacted Konnilyn Feig, vice president of administrative affairs, about the matter but she said she was unable to locate a space for a drop-in center.

The committee members decided to approach Feig themselves, but said they've had a hard time getting through to her.

"We're not getting any cooperation from the administration," said Barbara Monty, one of the committee members. "Women obviously aren't an administrative priority."

Monty said the committee sent a

letter and copies of its proposals to Feig two weeks ago but haven't heard from her since. "We've called her office four times, but only spoken to the secretary, and Feig never returned our calls," Monty said.

A tentative appointment has been set for the committee to meet with Feig on March 30.

"We think the administration is giving us the runaround," said Fiona Martin, another committee member. "But until we hear from Feig we really can't do anything."

"They're pushing us to a non-cooperative position," said Monty. "We're going through the proper channels. We've given them lots of time and have been getting absolutely nothing."

Lukaris suggested the women look for empty space in buildings besides the Student Union. But Monty said they "checked places, and everything was either spoken for or locked up." She said this showed the "need for cooperation from the administration."

Martin said she felt like "Lukaris is giving us the runaround too." Jeanette Kruse, another member said it "obviously wasn't a priority for the AS at all."

Lukaris was unavailable for comment.

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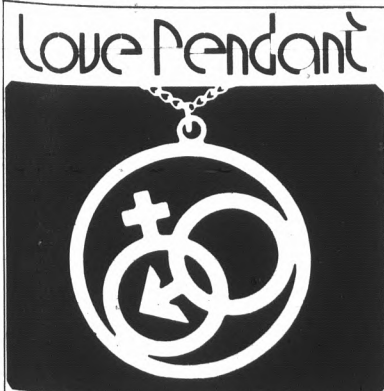
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Someday a great notion

In what may be viewed as the big news of 1978, the CSUC Board of Trustees yesterday gave its formal blessing to wine sales on state campuses.

While the addition of wine should be a welcome addition to the plastic cup atmosphere of the Union Depot — we anxiously look forward to the selling of burgundy and chablis in soft plastic wine glasses — enthusiastic oenophiles should consider the following history before lining up for the first round.

Beer didn't go on sale here until October, 1977. The Board of Trustees gave its approval for campus beer sales more than three years ago.

In the two-and-a-half year gap in between, beer was alternately just around the corner, on the way, or drifting in limbo. At any particular time, there were few people who could tell you what beer's status at SF State really was.

The president had to give approval. A survey had to be taken to see how students felt about beer on campus. The survey was delayed. The question of where to put the bar troubled even our greatest minds. An application for the license had to be made. A student complained about the plan to the Alcoholic Beverage Control Board. A formal hearing had to be held. Insurance premiums had to be paid, but the cost was too high. Plastic cups had to be used.

These and other delays — too many and too unbelievable to be chronicled here — all added to the delay. Now we are on the threshold of adding wine to the drink list. Although many of the delays that plagued the arrival of beer may not threaten wine's premiere, we are confident that somewhere someone will find newer and better problems to stall SF State's bid for admission into the 1970s.

However, if it takes three months or three years for wine to come to this campus, those of us waiting will have one small consolation. At least it will have time to age.



by Eric Newton

THE QUEEN MARY, LONG BEACH—I must have made a wrong turn on my way to the Union. This floating hotel, with a picturesque view of off-shore drilling, is filled with CSUC student body presidents. They're buzzing like flies over whatever it is that attracts flies — such as a Long Beach Board of Trustees meeting.

* Beautiful women run in and out. They deposit coffee, cookies, water, and photocopied documents in front of the trustees. The trustees nod.

Two women take notes. A blonde sits with a hand bracing her chin in the sound room. A tape recorder sits behind her.

The large tan room is oval-shaped. A closed-circuit TV camera points at the huge oval table.

A fly buzzes up to the ceiling, does a few barrel rolls and lands next to an empty water glass.

The seat behind the water glass is empty. The nameplate reads, "Paul F. Romberg."

If he's always out of town, where does he go? To Egypt, maybe, but not to this meeting.

* Speaking of nametags: AS President Wayne Lukaris liked his. It read Thabiti Mtambuzi. Seems like nobody's perfect these days, not even the Board of Trustees.

What about Lukaris' Burlington job? Glad you asked. He'll stick to SF State, so we're stuck.

Lukaris says he battled conscience and decided against taking the North Carolina personnel trainee position — right before the boss called to tell him he didn't get it.

Lukaris also says he was in error when he said earlier that the job was in Kansas. He was only a thousand miles off.

* Student presidents are like anyone else. Marijuana smoke permeates the brassy halls of the old ship-hotel. Jerry Brown jokes float on the smoke into the hallways. Beer tops pop. A big

surprise party for ex-lobbyist Scott Plotkin.

And then there were those who went to the punch and ice cream party. Ask Lukaris for details.

Later, Plotkin and student president chief Kevin Gallagher pound on a door as a prank.

"We thought from the noise that there was a young couple inside," Plotkin admitted.

It was just a typing *Phoenix* columnist.

* And a not so freaky fact: Out of 18 CSUC student presidents, there are 4 women, 1 black man, and the rest are you-know-whats. Representation?

* If you think we have it bad: Barney Path, Pomona AS boss, set a record for passes at waitresses during the three-day meeting.

Another student president carries a briefcase full of stomach calmers.

And Mike Loader of Fullerton admits he has a tough time sitting in chairs. The hefty president hosted the ice cream party, of course.

* "People think we just screw around at these meetings," one AS president says as he puffs on a joint. "But we're here, fighting, and it's damn hard work."

Granted, they fight against the increases, against harmful legislation, and for student interests. But are they winning?

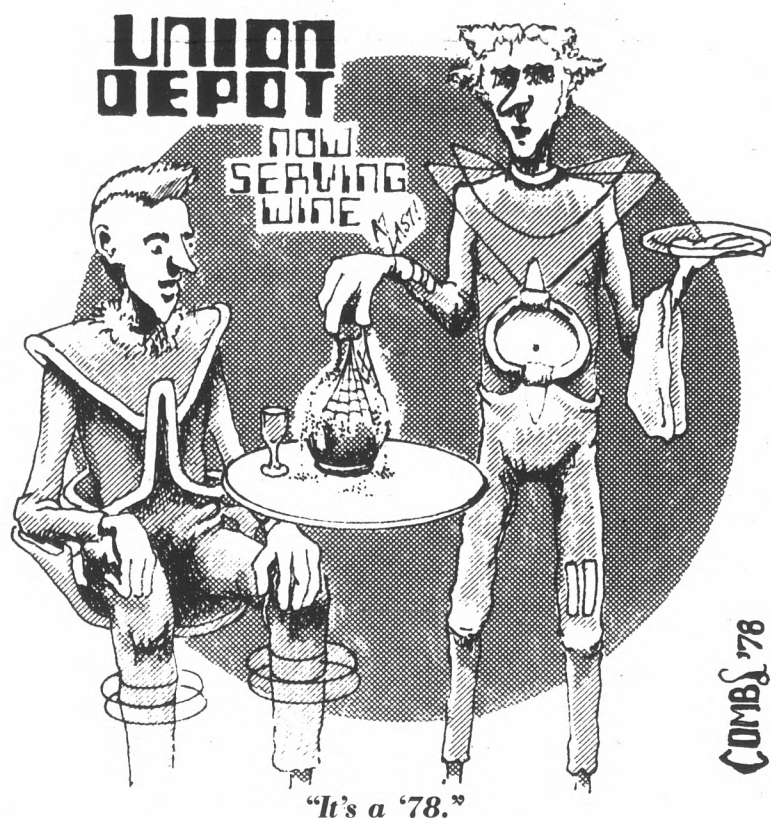
Whatever they accomplished, they didn't do much for property values. The day after they arrived the *Los Angeles Times* reported that the Queen Mary was up for sale — at a \$20 million loss.

* Last gasp: Back to SF State, way back in fact, to the Union Depot — home of inconsiderate souls.

Don't get me wrong. I'm for beer on campus. But to close off one of the choicest eating spots every afternoon to those under 21 is wrong. It's age discrimination.

Union bosses can't plead legality. At Northridge State, IDs are required only upon service. Students under 21 unite!

If there are any.



Local mind control

by David Ruiz del Vizo, Jr.

Eric Newton's story on the Unification Church "Moonie menu: smiles and potato soup" (March 2, 1978) reminded me of a similar experience I faced in 1974 with a ravenous bunch of "Christians" who simply called themselves the Local Church.

It may seem odd that such a story would be written four years after the fact, but you can easily encounter church members each morning at the campus entrance on 19th and Holloway distributing leaflets announcing their Monday campus meetings at noon. They had me snowed. You could be next.

While the infamous Moonies approach any person — regardless of his religious belief — on the street or at a college, Local Church members focus solely on college campuses. Their prey: those who already profess to be "born-again Christians."

For a Christian student, the Local Church campus meetings can be an alternative to other Christian groups such as Inter-Varsity and Resurrection City. Like the Moonies, they will accept you regardless of your doctrine, at least until you've been to several of their meetings. They are strongly outspoken against Moon, but curiously enough, their tactics look similar.

I came in contact with the Local Church as a sophomore. During a bustling lunch period, about seven Local Church students huddled in a circle singing. One or two of them invited bystanders to join them in their incantations.

"Are you a Christian?" Jim, a member, asked.

"Yeah."

"Where do you go to church?"

I told them.

"PRAISE THE LORD. Would you like to join us for dinner?"

"I don't think so."

"Don't worry about your church. We're all brothers in the Lord. How does dinner Friday night sound?"

"Well, OK."

And they smiled.

I attended their meetings. Unlike church meetings I have attended, the Local Church prayers were more like mantras: moaned as someone simultaneously read a passage from the Bible. After one member would stand up and read a verse, the rest followed with a thunderous, "O LORD JESUS. O LORD JESUS. O LORD JESUS."

The story the book didn't tell you

Fatman Willie's saga: the birth of his blues

by Jim Gibbons

A fat book, about 350 pages, with a red cover embroidered in gold, was published this September. Last night I finished reading it. Then I opened my living room window and dropped the book out.

The book, by Wam Schmeeder, is "Fat Man Willie Snodgrass — No White Man Could Play Like Him!" and the book smears the reputation of perhaps the foremost exponent of the Chicago Slide Guitar Blues Style, Fat Man Willie. I know it smears his reputation because I used to work with Fat Man — back in Boston from, oh, 1961 to 1965, at the Highland Tap.

What mars Schmeeder's work is its inaccuracy. The two most glaring inaccuracies are: 1) Fat Man Willie was a stupid coleslaw; 2) Fat Man Willie was always a bluesman.

When I first met Fat Man — he had just closed a gig at a big wedding and was booked for a dentists' convention — he was playing society music at the Ritz-Carlton Inn. Fat Man never thought about the blues; he was amazingly expansive and good-natured. He liked a good joke as much as anybody.

Often he would sweep his arm around the club and chortle: "I like everybody here!" All the guests liked him, except for the old ladies, at whom he would make a good-natured but suggestive comments in a comic French accent.

Fat Man was just a happy child, really. He loved to drive his sky-blue Riviera 25 mph down streets, then accelerate and zoom around the corners at intersections at about 45 mph, shouting gleefully to the scattering pedestrians: "Think Fast!"

What a card.

One Spring Fat Man suddenly disappeared from the hotel. It was several weeks before I saw him again. I had stopped in at the bar of the Ritz-Carlton for my annual Whiskey Collins to celebrate the Vernal Equinox. I had chosen the hotel because right outside the bar was a garden in which you could walk and smell the flowers and see the birds. I had sipped my drink once or twice, and was about to order another, when I suddenly spied Fat Man lying face down in the bushes.

"Fat Man!" I cried. "What happened?"

I later learned that his wife, whom for years he had suspected of being unfaithful with his drummer, had run off with another woman to California.

He said: "When I was little, my dog got sick. For two months, I spent all my time nursing him back to health. Finally, one morning he was well, and we romped a little before I went to school. When I came home, I found that he had committed suicide by walking into the sea. And I've be's thinkin', (he suddenly

LETTERS

The noisiest chips

The Library is beneficial to the students because it is a perfect setting for studying, researching, or just resting. The environment is quiet and the lighting is good. Most students prefer to study in the Library especially when they have exams coming up and their home environments won't allow them to concentrate on their studies because of irritable noises and disturbances. But many times, students will find that the Library has the same problem with noises. Let's look at some sources of noise from people eating in the Library.

Many people enjoy eating in the Library for various reasons. Some like to eat while they study. Some just don't want to make the trip to the cafeteria because they like the atmosphere of the Library. Others might have their own reasons. Usually, when a person wants to eat something, he reaches into his lunch bag and makes rattling noises as he gets his food. Some people try to be considerate. When they want to eat, let's say potato chips, they will try to be careful and open the bag of potato chips slowly which creates even more crackling noises from tearing the bag slowly. That is only the start. A crackling noise can be heard distinctively as each potato chip is being devoured. There are other people who love fresh fruits, especially tempting crisp apples. The noise from biting a crispy apple sounds more crispy and delicious than it tastes. That noise will continue rhythmically for about 10-15 times depending on the size of the apple and the mouth biting it. People eat all kinds of food in the Library, like fruits, peanuts, sandwiches, and you name it. And they all have one thing in common — they all make noises that range from tolerable to irritable.

The university steps up and enforces many regulations on the campus. One regulation is posted on signs in the Library forbidding food and beverage in the Library, but people don't care about the signs. It is the responsibility of the University to take action in this matter. Either it will enforce the regulation posted in the Library, "PLEASE NO FOOD OR BEVERAGE IN THE LIBRARY," or it will have to tear down all those signs posted in the Library. After all, if a regulation is set up, it should be enforced and obeyed. If a regulation is not being enforced, what is the purpose of setting it in the first place?

Julianne Tam

Taking no stand

As director of the Legal Referral Center, I was appalled. The question has never yet once been brought up at any of our meetings, much less discussed or voted upon, but the fact is that the Legal Referral Center has taken no stand, pro or con, about this matter. We, as a program, have not come out "supporting the demonstrators." Wrong, wrong, wrong.

I can only surmise that your reporter either (1) called our office and talked to a sympathetic staff member (and picked up the ball and ran with it), or (2) talked to someone demonstrating at Hastings who said she/he worked with us. Neither of these constitutes official support by this program. A retraction is definitely in order.

Roger Levin
Director

Equal justice

The way the law deals with rape in the United States is both a tragedy and comedy. Rape is just as serious a crime as murder or robbery, yet the law deals with it more leniently. It seems to pay less attention to this crime than any other. For example, the penalty for robbing a bank is 10 to 20 years of imprisonment. The law finds this punishment suitable since the accused knowingly and maliciously intended to damage another's property, the public's money. Drunk driving, too, is considered a felony for the same reasons. The accused, thus, receives an appropriate penalty. It is only logical, then, that the law should look on rape as damaging another's property but to an even greater extent.

An individual's body, a personal property not replaceable by monetary value like a car or a house or the money in a bank, has actually been abused and mistreated! Instead of just "patting" the rapist's hand and acknowledging that he has been a "bad boy," the law in the United States should follow European example. The rapist is either shot on the spot or hanged.

Here then, I bring in the dreaded controversy of "Capital Punishment," which I will not elaborate on. The opponents of "Capital Punishment" claim that the death penalty was never and is not a preventive and humanitarian measure to crime. Then I propose this question! "Is rape humanitarian in itself? Isn't rape a disgusting and degrading emotional experience not only for the victim but for the victim's family as a whole? Isn't it enough that women are presently wholeheartedly making it an effort to expose this malicious crime in spite of the dilemma they have to face in the courtroom by badgering lawyers who expose them to ridicule and humiliation? Isn't it enough that the women of today are crying for justice and yet nothing appropriate is being done?"

If the death penalty is too harsh a punishment, then only one other alternative solution is compensatory enough: life imprisonment. Either method is surely more appropriate than just a five-year sentence with a two-year probationary period on good behavior. The rapist has to think twice before committing any actions. His life is at stake!

The law, however, is not all to blame. Society plays a great role in hindering the progress of obliterating this crime from the face of our country. The American society of today doesn't care about anything any more except themselves and how to make money by screwing others. No one wants to get involved. An incident actually happened in New York where a girl was being raped in front of dozens of eyes and yet no one made an effort to even call the authorities. Everyone turned their backs and closed their window shades.

The law and society are one whole. The law governs us and we make the laws. This is what democracy is all about. This is what makes our country great. Rape is a growing, menacing problem in our society and our hypocritical sympathy is not the answer to this dilemma, but our concern is. We should not wait for it to happen to our loved ones before we decide to take any actions. We should all make an effort to stop this crime in our own little ways and by doing this, the law could be changed to meet the problem on an "eye for an eye" basis. The law will always be around to protect us but only to the limits of our demands!

Juan de la Riva

PHOENIX SPRING 1978

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Student 'prankster' faces felony charge

by Larry Kemp

Joe Gibbons called it an "irrational, intuitive and impulsive prank." The "prank" could send the SF State student to the state penitentiary.

Gibbons will be tried in Oakland Superior Court on April 18 for felony grand theft. He removed Richard Diebenkorn's \$13,000 painting, "Scissors and a Lemon" from the Oakland Museum last Oct. 14.

"The situation at the museum was pretexts," Gibbons said. "There were inconsequential paintings on the walls with guards walking around. What was being appreciated was not the paintings but the museum's aura." "Scissors and a Lemon" was one of the most "unattractive and silliest paintings on exhibition," he said. "The silliness of the painting and the situation prompted a silly gesture."

The Diebenkorn painting was the smallest and easiest to conceal, Gibbons said. He removed it from the wall and slipped it under his coat.

The theft was not premeditated and its ramifications were not considered until later, he said.

The weekend after the theft, Gibbons and several friends formed the Art Liberation Front, "renegades from the morbid modern art traditions."

A list of demands was hastily drawn up including one to have the museum closed three days a week to reduce its "negative influence on the community at large."

"Scissors and a Lemon" was removed from its frame and mailed along with the demands to KQED television station on Oct. 17. The group planned to hold the frame until their demands were met.

"The frame was just as meaningless as the painting," Gibbons said. "At least the frame's value is just about what it costs to produce it, but it's ridiculous the price put on paintings."

International Week coming

Flags from 130 nations will fly in front of SF State's Student Union all next week as part of International Students Week.

Sponsored by the International Students Association (ISA), the week will bring together cultures from around the world.

"There is so much that foreign students can offer and so much ethnic Americans can show. This week the fair can show that we can get along," said Barbara Liedtke, coordinator of the program.

Films from South Africa, European foods, African and Arab music, and dancers from Ireland and Spain will be featured during the week.

Representatives from the Campus Tourist Office will also be at the fair.

The events will be held daily between 10 a.m. and 1 p.m. On Friday the fair will resume at 8 p.m. A Mardi Gras will be held in the Student Union sub-basement from 10 p.m. to 2 a.m.

Coro Hispano, a local Latin music group, will perform on the last evening of the fair. The troupe features 30 singers and 10 musicians.

A schedule of each day's activities is posted next to the information desk in the Student Union.

Announcements

Dr. Domingo Sanchez, a Chilean exile, will speak about the militarization of the culture in Chile, Wednesday, April 5, at 4 p.m. in Student Union Conference Rooms A-E. The public is invited.

Professor Rodney H. Hilton of the University of Birmingham, England, will lecture at SF State at 11 a.m. on Thursday, April 6, in HLL 135 on "The Crisis of Feudalism." The lecture is sponsored by the History Students' Union and the Economics and History Departments.

Bo Lozoff, director of the Prison-Ashram Project and former consultant to the U.S. Bureau of Prisons, will speak on "Unit Management Versus Small Facility: An Opinion" on March 31 from noon to 2 p.m. in Student Union Conference Rooms A-E.

The Poetry Center is sponsoring the Academy of American Poets contest for SF State. The contest is open to all students. Contestants may submit up to three poems or five pages, whichever is less. Poems should be accompanied by a cover sheet listing the student's name, address and phone number. The name should not be on the poems themselves. Deadline for the contest is April 14. Poems should be turned in to the Poetry Center, HLL 340, or the Poetry Center's box in HLL 240. Winners will be announced April 28. Two hundred dollars in prize money will be awarded.

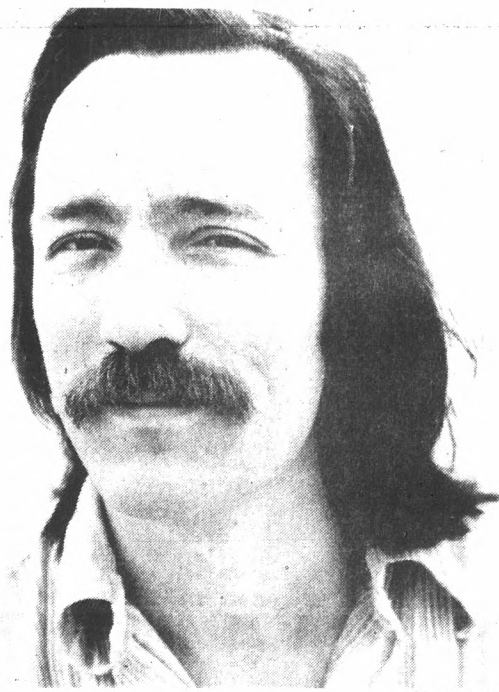


Photo by Joan Kadin
SF State student Joe Gibbons on trial for an "impulsive prank."

"They (the judges) are going to think I'm a whippersnapper for carrying it this far," Gibbons said.

If he had pled guilty to the reduced charges Gibbons would have faced a maximum of one year in the county jail. Now, if found guilty he could go to a penitentiary. Kurtz said he was not sure of the maximum sentence.

"What I have said to the press reinforces my innocence," Gibbons said. "It was just a prank, a statement about the current situation of museums and art."

Kurtz said, "there is no doubt in my mind that he is innocent of any crime, but innocent people can be convicted and are."

Hope for downtown

by Marty Ludwig

As suburban shopping centers attract more and more customers, the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce is trying to entice shoppers back to the downtown area.

The Chamber represents the city's business community and proposes measures to the Board of Supervisors that will benefit those collective interests.

"Until the Chamber got into that role, there seemed to be a stalemate on doing anything downtown," said Ed Lawson, manager of city planning. "But by weighing the interest of the whole against the interest of individuals we've made great progress."

ideals we've made great progress.

"We have a very pervasive interest in what happens downtown," he said. "If the city loses business to suburban shopping centers as a result of unnecessary regulations or the lack of things like parking, then the whole city suffers because there will be fewer jobs and less sales tax income."

The Chamber has introduced measures to the Board of Supervisors aimed at creating additional short-term parking. Downtown parking meter rates, for example, were increased to 25 cents an hour. This discouraged employees from using the meters, making more parking spaces available to shoppers, he said.

Voices of life on the phone

Continued from Page 1

symptoms: lowered mood; lack of energy; difficulty in falling asleep and early morning waking (anxiety), or oversleeping (escape); loss of appetite or overeating; loss of interest in sex; and apathy.

But people may not display the typical signs of depression. For instance, a quiet person may seem just a little more quiet.

Alienation from friends and family may grow slowly until the potential

suicide victim feels alone and is unable to see that someone may want to help.

Can a phone call to a "trained" listener really calm the fears and desperation of a suicide victim? A phone call may seem so impersonal and distant, just like the city.

"It's the people who really feel hopeless who call here," Campos said. "No matter where a person is, they can take their life if they really want to. They can use a pencil to stab themselves, or a belt to hang themselves. We can't stop them all."

**"I USED TO HAVE
VISIONS OF A LESS FILLING BEER.
I ALSO HAD VISIONS OF GETTING RESPECT.
OH WELL, 1 OUT OF 2 AIN'T BAD."**

Rodney Dangerfield
Famous Comedian



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ARTS

The mystique of innocence

by Roger Cruzen

The playground. Fantasy meets reality. Illusion merges with disillusion. Children are adults and adults are children.

Playmates, written by Leland Meister and directed by Michael Hannan, is an experimental theatre production which explores adult sexual identity and role-playing through the eyes of two "children" in the playground of life.

The play, which will be presented today at 1 p.m. for a second time as part of SF State's Showcase Theatre, is interesting not only due to its distinct, creative style, but also because of its origin.

Playmates was conceived in the Playwright's Theatre Workshop, an experimental course now in its fourth semester under the direction of Elliot Sroka of the Theatre Arts Department and Robert Gordon, a part-time creative writing instructor.

Although Meister, a 28-year-old graduate student in his third year as a creative writing major at SF State, wrote the original script for *Playmates*, the final production is the result of the combined efforts of the writers, actors and directors in the workshop class.

The story recalls a typical day in the life of a brother and sister at a nursery school playground where they spend the day while their mother is at work.

Jason, played by Kim Winslow, is a little boy who acts the part of a grown-up, macho male and attempts to dominate his sister Melody, played by Hilary Stern.

Like most children, Jason and Melody play at the roles of adults as they see them. Melody is coy and sophisticated as she smokes an imaginary cigarette. Jason is violent and domineering — he wants to make Melody his "slave girl" and force her to have sex with him.

Later it is revealed that both children once witnessed their father beating their mother and forcing her to submit sexually on the living room sofa. Jason, sensing that he was seeing something that he shouldn't see, ran away. Melody, frozen in terror, watched the entire scene.

Throughout the play the children are tormented by a God-like voice that comes from out of the darkness — the teacher — who continually interrupts their fantasies with words of oppression. But when the teacher disappears, at their request to be left on their own, they are frightened: what if their mother never comes to pick them up?



Hilary Stern and Kim Winslow appear in *Playmates*, today at 1 p.m. in CA 107.

Photo by Joan Kadin

Their fantasies resemble the fairy tales that they have been raised with. In their re-enactment of "Hansel and Gretel," a wolf (symbolic of their father) harasses them, and Melody attempts to gain power over Jason by playing the wicked witch. In another scene, the wolf attempts to gain dominance over Melody, who plays the sheep — a portrayal of the dehumanization of the female character.

"*Playmates* is difficult to talk about in terms of plot, and the form that he (Meister) uses makes it hard to make clear exactly what he is doing," commented Sroka. "He's gone through a lot of different approaches to make his point."

"For example, he had to find a way to use the symbolic playground without confusing the audience," Sroka said. "It may be a bit ambiguous or cause questions, but only on a moment to moment basis. The audience should feel comfortable with the illusion."

Meister wrote the first draft of the play for a class in drama production last spring. He continued to revise it up until the time it was performed in the theatre workshop, where actors did a "read-through" of the play. In January of this year, he again rewrote *Playmates* for production as part of Showcase Theatre.

"I really wanted to write a play for the last two or three years, but I never felt that I could," Meister said. "Finally, I just sat down and started writing."



Leland Meister, SF State student and author of *Playmates*. Photo by Joan Kadin

Sroka commented that the fluid style Meister uses — switching from the reality of the playground and the children's fears to the illusion of the forest, for example, helps to reinforce the connection between fantasy and reality.

As with most writers, personal experience plays a large part in the development of a work.

Prior to coming to San Francisco, Meister worked for several years at a day care center. It was there that he gained many of his insights into adult role-playing by children.

"It's interesting just how early the struggle for domination begins," Meister said. "From the beginning, woman has to struggle with her sexuality in mental life. She is

dehumanized in fairy tales and in real life by men who try to make her passive."

It is this message that comes through most effectively in the play because the playground is such an effective medium for the role-playing theme.

The characters of Melody and Jason are quite effective, due in large part to the acting of Stern and Winslow. Yet, the characters and characterizations are unsure at times. This tends to confuse the audience, which already may be confused by the fragmentation of the scenes between fantasy, dream and reality.

This confusion, however, does not hinder the impact of the message.

INTERMISSION

Artists on artists

by Robert Rubino

Celebrity watching has become one of America's leading pastimes. And why not?

Most celebrities are artists and we all realize, not without envy and jealousy, that artists aren't like the rest of us mere mortals. They are not part of the work-a-day, time-clock world. They're involved in self-fulfilling, creative projects that bring joy and beauty to others. They flirt with fame and fortune.

People like to read about artists so they, too, can flirt with fame and fortune, albeit vicariously. So we get a proliferation of news, gossip and opinion about the life and works of the Jane Fondas and Pablo Picassos and Rudolph Nureyevs and anyone else that the networks and slick magazines decide to sell to us for profit.

The people over at the *East Bay Review* in Berkeley take a different view of artists.

"We're not here to cover the same people you'll read about in the Sunday pink section," Roberta Alexander said. Alexander is the managing editor of the *East Bay Review of the Performing Arts*, a bimonthly newspaper.

Readers of the *East Bay Review* are accustomed to cover stories on John Phillips, a Berkeley harpsichord maker; or Robert Dietle, light designer for the Walnut Creek Civic Arts Repertory Company; or Nora Vaughn, for 13 years the producer-director of Oakland's storefront Black Repertory Theater.

"We write about artists who contribute to the community," Alexander said.

Considering its low-key approach, shoestring budget and skeleton staff, *East Bay Review* has consistently produced well-written, well-edited arts stories with handsome page layouts and designs.

In less than two years of existence, *East Bay Review* has gone from 5,000 to 20,000 circulation, including distribution on this side of the bay in San Francisco's Financial District.

"We've thought about expanding coverage to San Francisco," Alexander said. "But we feel an obligation to stick with the East Bay community, especially since the East Bay has been regarded as the stepchild of the Bay Area anyway."

East Bay Review began as the brainchild of editor-in-chief Marilyn Bancel, a former dancer. Of its 21-person staff, only Bancel, Alexander, and art director Liz Barrett are full-time and earn salaries. Local advertising revenues only cover production costs; the paper is free.

"Salaried is a bit strong," Alexander laughed. "We get enough to pay our bills... most of the time... but that's about it, we're not in it for the money."

Alexander is the only staff member who is not, nor has ever been, a performer. It's an artists' newspaper and one of Alexander's main functions is to make certain the writing doesn't become esoteric.

"It's valuable to have performing artists covering the performing arts of the community," Alexander said. "But we want the writing understandable to all readers."

Reading the poetry reviews of John Oliver Simon or the dance profiles of Nancy Becker or Robert Wrubel's music pieces, one finds negativity conspicuously lacking. It's part of the *East Bay Review* philosophy.

"Of course if we were constantly and entirely positive in our reviews, we would lose our credibility," Alexander said. "We'll point out flaws in an artist's work, but we tend to emphasize the things that work. We want to encourage. Criticism must be constructive or else it's simply a self-indulgent ego trip for the writer."

Short on gloss and gossip, the *East Bay Review* is long on local arts coverage, with more than a touch of class.

AGONY and ECSTASY: The Saturday morning student playwright-production workshop was going well with a performance of Robert Alexander's *Hourglass*, on March 18. Near the end of the play, the actor, called for a dramatic confrontation with a son striking his mother. The actor, Anthony Spire, followed his cue and the actress, Cordetta Spills, crashed into a prop and fell unconscious to the floor. Spire had accidentally caught Spills in the forehead. The production was canceled, spoiling what had been a strong play. Spills was revived; she was OK.

The previous day, after Brown Bag's final performance of *Birdbath*, Kathy Shein and Joey Hoerber gave such moving portrayals of people trapped in loneliness that the usually sedate audience burst into a five-minute standing ovation. The reluctant actor and actress finally appeared for an extra bow, and more shouts of approval for jobs well-done.

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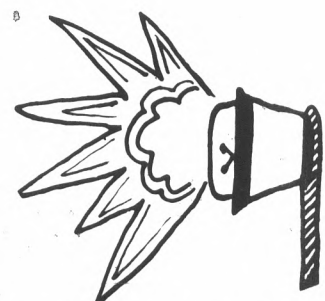
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OPEN SATURDAYS

City's treasure of early music

by Ken Garcia

The music and flavor of the Renaissance period are alive in San Francisco and living in a place that is known to its clientele as "the early music center of the West."

Musica Antiqua is a store where classical music lovers come to shop for instruments, books, and sheet music. Suitably located in an old Victorian building on California Street, it houses the biggest selection of early music materials on the West Coast.

According to its founder and owner, Ken Johnson, Musica Antiqua grew out of idle chat over dinner some four and a half years ago. Today it has turned into a thriving enterprise with customers in Tokyo, Sydney, and Rio de Janeiro, as well as all 50 states.

"We've put a lot of money and labor into the store," Johnson said. "We go out of our way to get unusual things for our customers. We deal with over 300 dealers around the world."

Instruments and materials ranging from the Gregorian chants of the 9th century to replicas of mid-18th-century lutes adorn the shop, which looks more like a small library than a music store.

The instruments - baroque recorders, flutes, oboes, lutes, viola da gambas, and harpsichords - are hand-made replicas produced in Europe and California. Some of them are made downstairs by Larry Higgins.

Customers range from college students and aspiring amateurs to those who find early music a way of expressing themselves.

"There is an unusually large percentage of professional people among our customers," said Johnson. "I think it appeals to more intelligent people because early music requires a lot of thought and study. It has an intellectual as well as an aesthetic side."

But it also has an expensive side. You pay for what you get at Musica Antiqua. You pay plenty.

"It is expensive and prices are going up due to the devaluation of the dollar, but people find that it's to their benefit when they get a fine instrument," Johnson said.

Johnson, an avid fan of early music who plays many of the instruments, said that the store has become the focus of the early music community and acts as a "switchboard" to similar stores around the world.

"What we don't have we can probably find somewhere else," he said.

But with 5,000 people on its mailing list (half of the shop's business is mail order) most enthusiasts of Renaissance music seem to find what they want at Musica Antiqua.

The music itself has had growing interest, especially in the last 10 years. Concerts have been packed and the music has been one of the main attractions of the annual Renaissance Faire in San Rafael.



Ken Johnson, founder and owner of Musica Antiqua, demonstrates his skill on the treble viola da gamba. Photo by Joan Kadin

"Renaissance music has a few of the earmarks of becoming a fad but most of the musicians who train for this field are dedicated," said Johnson. "The level of performance in this field is getting better and better and it's filling an important need for people to make their own music."

Johnson said that he would like to see the shop expand its resources.

"We would like to get more instruments and maybe even some albums," he said.

"I want to limit the store to remain as a retail outlet," Johnson said. "I'm not going to be moving anywhere for a while."

Fans of early music will be comforted by that fact.

Creative Campus a weekly calendar of events

Theater Arts Showcase presents *Playmates* by Leland Meister, an SF State students original script, today in CA 107. Admission is free.

Brown Bag Theatre features *Who's Afraid of Virginia Wolfe?* by Edward Albee, today and Friday at noon in CA 102. Admission is free.

Carl Smith performs classical guitar today in the Depot from 1:30-3:30 p.m. Admission is free.

Theater Arts Showcase presents Phillip Rohrer's *The Commitment*, an original student script, on Tuesday and Thursday, April 4 and 6, at 1 p.m. in CA 107. Admission is free.

Associated Students and the Center for World Music presents Radhika Lalchandani and K. Kunhiraman in a program of dances from India on April 3, 1978 in the Barbary Coast at noon. Admission is free.

Reed Rahlman and Dana Carvey will bring music, magic, juggling and comedy to the Union Depot on Thursday, April 6 from 1:30-3:30 p.m. Admission is free.

Tattoo, an original folk group, will appear on Tuesday, April 4, at the Depot from 5-7 p.m. Admission is free.

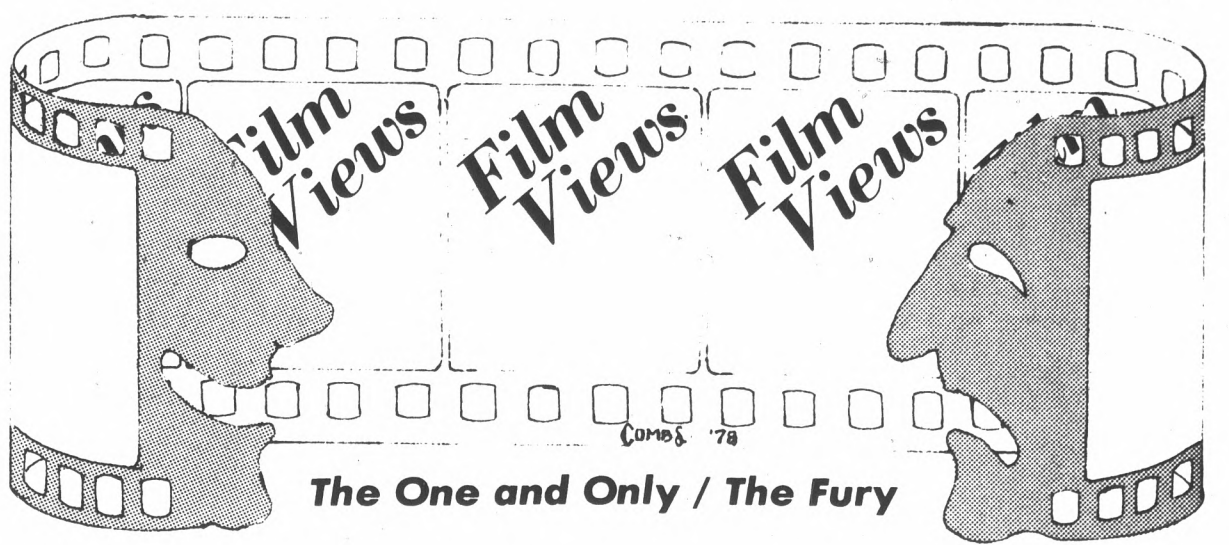
Perfect Crime will be performing blues, ballads, ragtime and love songs in the Depot on Wednesday, April 5, from 5-7 p.m. Free.

Strange Fruit, a multimedia extravaganza featuring original films, poetry, songs and dances depicting the modern world that confronts the gay community will be presented Friday, March 31 in the Barbary Coast at noon. Admission is free.

Anatol Jonkowsky, Professor Emeritus of Physical Education, and the SF State Ethnic Dance Ensemble are celebrating the Ensemble's twelfth year of existence with an open house, Friday, March 31, at 4:30 p.m. Admission is free.

British film director Peter Watkins will be the guest of the SF State Cinematheque on April 4th and 5th in conjunction with screenings of three of his films, *Edvard Munch*, *The War Game*, and *Privilege*. The Tuesday screening is at 7:00 p.m. at McKenna Theatre; the Wednesday showing is at 12:30 p.m.

Cinematheque presents Ingmar Bergman's *Scenes from a Marriage*, Friday, March 31 at 8 p.m. in McKenna Theatre.



by Ken Dorter

It's Henry Winkler's second film and he's in the 1940s this time. *The One and Only*, also starring Kim Darby, is a vibrant farce combining wise-cracks, slapstick and an old-fashioned romance.

Winkler plays a natural-born clown. He lives to make people laugh, treats life as a joke and is convinced he's destined for stardom.

Darby is the girl he falls for, inviting her to dinner with the line, "Good food, good talk and maybe some premarital sex."

She's a prim college coed from a staid Ohio family that resists Winkler at first. But she's soon won over by his comic charms after he sings "Getting to Know You" to her in a crowded restaurant, makes a fiasco out of a school play and forces his way into her sorority house.

Laughs are prevalent throughout this film due to Winkler's energetic craziness as he talks into celery and sprinkles pepper into his pocket.

The facial expressions of others watching him are a successful comedy device. Darby remains dapper in her character and so we have the old concept of two opposites attracting.

Then it's off to New York for the pair so Winkler can realize his dream of becoming a star. They live in one room and Darby takes a job because Winkler can't find work. But, all the while, he never gives up hope that his big break is only days away and Darby remains loyal to him.

Even in a comedy it's hard to believe Darby would continue to live in poverty with a man possessing only a vague dream of success. It also seems unlikely that his unflinching humor is enough to sustain a marriage under these circumstances.

Winkler's luck changes when he meets a midget (Herve Villechaze) who gets him into the fixed wrestling business where he finds success as Adolph Hitler, a German wrestler who knocks his opponents out with a metal helmet. He later portrays "The Lover," a wrestler clad in purple tights and a blond wig.

The new life is too much for Darby. This causes the only serious conflict in the film because Winkler must choose between wrestling stardom and his marriage.

While Winkler is able to step out of his Fonzie character and give an excellent performance, his role is a bit underdeveloped. We are given little insight into him other than he wants to make people laugh. Neither do we know what he sees in an unassuming girl like Darby other than her looks.

Darby's performance is good, although the role hasn't enough depth to allow her to display much acting ability.

The One and Only is a good film if you want to sit back and be entertained. Director Carl Reiner and screenwriter Steve Gordon have created a fine piece of escapist fare.

by David Peterson

It used to be that if you were basically a good person, it was a fair bet that neither madmen, the powers that be nor fate would intrude on your guiltless life.

Of course there have always been the ubiquitous innocent bystanders: the little old lady struck down by a runaway truck, the salesman from Cleveland caught in a bank robbery cross-fire, or the planeload of people whose destiny is a mid-air collision high over the mid-west. But usually you had little to fear from daily life.

Now, however, the innocent has graduated to the prime target of the terrorist's bomb and machine gun.

The purpose of a horror movie is to scare the socks off your audience. Brian DePalma manages to do so with his new film, *The Fury*, starring Kirk Douglas, John Cassavetes, Carrie Snodgrass, Amy Irving and Charles Durning.

But there's only one thing wrong. What DePalma does to frighten you lies not in his liberal application of blood at every opportunity, but the more subtle examples of governmental agencies that don't have to assume responsibility for their actions.

The movie opens on a beach resort somewhere in an unnamed Midwestern country. In the relaxed atmosphere of bikini girls and casual enjoyment, Douglas and his son are bidding farewell to his longtime friend, Cassavetes. He and Douglas have worked together many years in a powerful governmental intelligence agency that is referred to throughout the film as "one you never heard of." The parting is friendly and they openly discuss Douglas' motives in developing his son's unusual telekinetic and telepathic talent.

Cassavetes leaves and seconds later the beach is abruptly swept with machine gun fire as an Arab terrorist group attacks the defenseless crowd. In the panic-stricken slaughter, Cassavetes draws Douglas' son to safety. From their sheltered vantage point they see Douglas pinned down and apparently killed.

But in the blood-soaked aftermath of the raid we find that Douglas has survived to discover Cassavetes has engineered the carnage for the sole purpose of kidnapping his son for exploitation.

DePalma's strength as a director is an intimate knowledge of just how we see movies. As always, his timing is impeccable, presenting his shockers at precisely the moment when we least expect them.

A truly good horror movie is one that confirms the fears that are (or might be) part of the world you live in. The papers are full of death and bloody murder and what frightens us is the knowledge that none of us is immune. In the first half of the film, DePalma captures and amplifies these feelings and builds tension to a high degree.

The film is steeped in blood and it seeps and leaks from every turn and twist of the plot. Blood dribbles, drips, splashes and pours from every member of the cast and if the sight terrifies you, you'll definitely swallow your bubble gum.

But somewhere around the midpoint of the movie, it begins to go awry. The emphasis begins to shift from the real fears of terrorism and unbridled governmental power to cute camera tricks and facile plot developments. A few drops of blood are disconcerting, a trickle is unnerving and a stream is frightening...but gallons of red are just unbelievable.

And there is the problem. From a beginning that could be a replay of the weekend's headlines, believability dissipates in direct proportion to the amount of studio blood sloshed about. By the end of the film, the story has degenerated into a campy exercise in special effects.

It's really too bad. Douglas manifests an intensity to his mission that is never less than believable. Cassavetes remains as slimy and dark as the organization he represents. Notable in his supporting role is Charles Durning, who portrays a specialist in psychic studies who literally bleeds for his subjects. We haven't seen much of Carrie Snodgrass since *Diary of a Mad Housewife*, and even though she performs with competence, the script requires little more from her than mechanical tasks of plot relation.

It's Amy Irving, the sole survivor of De Palma's *Carrie*, who steals the show. She is so open and innocent that it takes an effort to recall that even an affectionate hug can be a fatal undertaking where she is concerned.

So what is the problem when you have good acting, special effects, production values and a talented director to boot?

It would seem that what needs help is the script and DePalma's editing talents. If DePalma could only tighten things up, reduce the excesses and maintain his grasp on reality, then we could see a film that could shadow and pursue our minds for a very long time, indeed.

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DERRICK FLAX
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The Gator track star propelled two wins over the break with wins in the 100m and 200m each outing.
S.F. State returns home April 8th vs. Humboldt at 10:00a.m.

SPORTS

ROUNDUP

TRACK -

The Gators are off to Sacramento this Saturday for Sac State's Relays... Sparked by Derrick Flax, SF State's track team has won its last three meets... Flax has been a double winner in the 100 and 200 meters the last two outings... The team now is 3-2 overall with a 1-2 record in the Far Western Conference.

BADMINTON -

The team travels to Cal State Chico for a Saturday, 9 a.m. encounter... Thomas Luu is knocking off all opponents as he strives for the number one spot in singles for the Golden State Conference... Gators have a 0-2-1 record.

BASEBALL -

Defending National Champion (Division III) Stanislaus State looms as a tough opening Far Western Conference opponent this Friday and Saturday for the SF State Gators. The Warriors host the opener Friday at 2:30 p.m. with the twin-bill Saturday here at Maloney Field at noon.

The Gators are currently 9-10 overall with two ties. The past two weeks saw the Gators defeat UOP 4-3 and Cornell 2-0 behind Frank Cullum's four-hit shutout hurling. Losses were suffered to Stanford, 11-2 and 4-1, and Southern California College, 10-0. The Gators also posted a tie with Cornell 2-2.

SOFTBALL -

SF State hosts the University of Nevada-Reno tomorrow for a doubleheader starting at 1 p.m. Last week the Gators scored 46 runs for a twin bill win against Hayward State. Donna Stallone and Dianna Vandruuff both socked home runs.

This coming week, starting with this weekend, promises brilliant sports action for Bay Area fans.

Professionally, soccer's new team, the Oakland Stompers, makes its debut Sunday afternoon at the Oakland Coliseum. The Stompers will be lead by Shep Messing, the former goalie of the champion New York Cosmos. The opening opponent is the San Jose Earthquakes. This matchup could be the start of a fierce rivalry.

Also at the Coliseum complex Sunday will be Virginia Slims Tennis. (See story on this page.)

Major League Baseball is just one week away. Phoenix will feature a nostalgic look at baseball next week. Did you know that before the Giants and A's moved here there were teams known as the Seals and Oaks?

Look for stories in next week's Phoenix on the Slims tournament, the Stompers and baseball.

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Captain Andy Cordellos at the helm of the Long Fin.

Photos by Michael Musser

Fresh fish tales

Salmon of the sea

by Michael Musser

Party boat salmon fishing is a sportsman's sight to believe: poles bounce, lines cross and crew members scramble in the midst of landing the ultimate catch.

On a good day of fishing every man will stir constantly around the small weather deck. Fishermen will move hurriedly to the back of the boat to fight their prey as a seasoned deck hand urges on the angler's fight.

The hand will remind the fisherman to "loosen the drag," and to "keep the tip of the pole up."

Add some lingering Lady Luck to his advice and a legal size fish (16 inches) can be landed in about five minutes. If it is a large salmon -- 20 to 50 pounds -- the fight may span 45 minutes.

It doesn't take much for a person to find action during the sport salmon season that runs February through November. Preparation for a day's venture outside of the San Francisco Bay is easily accomplished with a fishing license and \$24 for the boat fare.



He caught a fish -- that big.

A fishing pole can be rented from any of the Bay Area tackle and bait shops that reserve space for the salmon party boats.

Andy Cordellos is the captain of the 60-foot Long Fin and his boat is booked through Carruso's bait shop in Sausalito.

His boat is one of the newest and fastest of the small fleet that heads daily for the fish beyond the Golden Gate. The galley tables of the boat are littered with his calling cards that boast of "Fish Finder" and "Loran" and all the other latest electronic navigational aids.

**'I sure hope we don't
get skunked'**

Everyday is not full of fish. The electronic aids only prove that the science of finding fish is not absolute. Cordellos headed south under the Golden Gate Bridge saying, "Normally we will know where to find the fish because they have a certain pattern that depends on the bait fish."

His boat had been north just off the Farallones the preceding day and the catch had been minimal -- about one fish a man.

By 7:30 a.m. the boat slowed and the fishermen anxiously piled out of the galley to bait poles with frozen anchovies. As the boat began to troll, Kenneth Morrey made a gentleman's bet to the crew. "This is the first time on a salmon boat for me and I'll bet I'm going to catch the first fish," he shouted.

He and his two boys had made a spur of the moment trip from Placerville to "have the pleasure of seeing the Golden Gate Bridge from the bottom" and to catch the limit of fresh salmon. The quota for a day's catch is three on a party boat.

For a couple of hours the fishing on the Long Fin was slow and the enthusiasm of the fishermen was lacking.

"I sure hope we don't get skunked," someone mumbled. Skunked means coming home without a fish.

"We're not skunked yet and I don't think we got skunked at all last year," Cordellos said as he turned his boat into a group of gulls feeding on the surface of the water.

"Maybe I can get a fish out of them," he said.

The skipper's intuition was dead reckoned. Within a few minutes the outside pole was tapping out of control.

"Fish on the line" was yelled and the boat quickly slowed while Steve White wrestled his pole out of its holder.

White was reeling slowly and for a moment he forgot that he had lost his breakfast earlier due to seasickness. As his fish neared the stern of the boat White smiled and he knew he would be reciprocated for the dues a young fisherman had paid to the sea.

The deck hand landed the fish with a net. It was small but legal, and as the first fish of the day, it was knocked on the head and thrown into the fish box.

The fever of the fishermen was again high as White hooked another King Salmon. All the fishermen shared a vicarious excitement as he smoothly and somewhat effortlessly landed another small fish.

The excitement diminished. The only other fish the boat would see came from the skipper's pole. Time had run out and the fish was taken as the boat headed down hill toward home.

**he had been skunked
and 'that he would
settle for a flounder
at that point'**

The Long Fin was better off than other boats. One skipper to the north had come across the marine radio saying he had been skunked and "that he would settle for a flounder at that point."

A deck of cards was cut for the fish that the skipper's line caught. Delbert Nicholes took home the fish with an eight of clubs.

Not all had a fish, but they did have a sun-burned face and a nice ride on the ocean -- and many future fish stories to tell.

What a racquet

by Jack Bettridge

Tennis has become one of the nation's most popular sports. A sport which was once played mostly by aristocrats and jet-setting tennis bums has gained appeal to the masses.

Brandishing wooden, steel and aluminum racquets, the teeming hordes have taken to the courts, spurred on perhaps by identification with the new breed of exciting tennis stars.

Or people's increasing awareness of their physical condition has made them recognize the game as an excellent way to keep in shape. Or the born-again tennis fanatics are attracted to the scent of snob appeal.

Certainly this plays a big part in what the game is to a lot of people, and fashion is an outlet for much of that snobbery. These people spend as much time trying to get the right shorts and warm-up suits so they can look like Chrissy or Bjorn. Proper attire isn't just proper; it's chic.

There is nothing inherently wrong with this. If that's how people like to get their kicks, it's OK if they spend hundreds of dollars trying to look vogue for a couple hours on the court every weekend. It's good for the clothing trade.

But it does create one small problem. If your game is at the stage where it makes no difference whether you use one of those racquets that looks like a snowshoe or a slightly warped Gussie Moran signature model that you found in your sister's closet, you will feel and look like a fool spending all that money to look chic.

In order for your game to improve, you have to play. And in order to play, you have to get someone to invite you to his country club. But no one will ever invite you if you are dressed according to the progress of your game.

It creates something of a vicious circle. What tennis needs is a great liberator to break this circle and, once and for all, really bring the game of tennis to the people. Someone to do for tennis what Doug Sanders did for golf or what Monte Rocke did for rock 'n' roll.

The next time someone invites you to his club for the member-guest tournament, forget about whether you are being outrageously presumptuous in your tennis wear. Save your etiquette for the lobster dinner at the clubhouse.

What you'll want to do is get somebody like Rudi Gernrich or possibly Andy Warhol to help you with your outfit. Then arrive at the courts for your first match in the morning in a chauffeured golf cart with cherubs hanging on the sides to throw white rose petals in your path.

As you arise from the cart to greet the opposition you are cloaked from head to foot in a flowing white gossamer cape. After exchanging pleasantries, your attendant steps behind you to remove your robe.

Underneath you wear a white body-stocking covering your entire body and white satin hotpants. On your feet you wear white, skin-tight, knee-length boots, with soles for a grass court, of course. For a touch of color you might add blue and maroon striped suspenders.

Your attendant steps up and offers you all white racquet on a white pillow, and you are ready to play. With any luck this show will so dazzle your opponents that you will win easily.

Your only problem now is what to do with your costume after the tennis fashion thing normalizes.

Perhaps, sell it to a rock 'n' roll act. They still haven't normalized.

Slimming

by Laurie Strand

The Virginia Slims Championships tournament (the tournament that turned women's tennis in the United States into big business) is happening this week at the Oakland Coliseum.

The cigarette company's famous slogan aimed at women, "You've Come A Long Way, Baby," could easily be applied to women's tennis as well. In just eight years women tennis players have come into their own as money makers, with last year's top player Chris Evert racking up \$503,134 in earnings.

Although Martina Navratilova is favored to win the \$150,000 championship, she'll be pitted against some of the top players who have been with the Slims since the circuit's conception eight years ago.

Billie Jean King and Rosie Casals are both among the eight finalists, and it is rumored that since this may be King's last year on the Slims tour, she'll be pushing -- and pushed -- hard to win. Promoters of the tournament hinted that this was one of the reasons the championships are being held in the Bay Area -- King's home ground.

Last year's winner Chris Evert decided to sit out this year's Slims tour. Other contestants who qualified after the three-month tour circuit are Evonne Goolagong, Virginia Wade, Wendy Turnbull, Kerry Reid and Betty Stove.

There will be three singles matches each night, tonight through Saturday, April 1, with the championship final Sunday, April 2, starting at 1 p.m.



An Informed People Is A Prepared People. But Prepared For What? ... That Depends upon who does the Informing!

In this pro-white anti-Black Orwellian society, it's foolish to expect those who oppose us and desire to exploit us, to share information with us, that will liberate and prepare us, to act in our own best interest. Carter G. Woodson best explained it when he said: "When you control a man's thinking, you do not have to worry about his actions. You do not have to tell him not to stand here or go yonder. He will find his 'proper place' and stay in it. You do not need to send him to the back door. He will go without being told. In fact, if there is no back door, he will cut one out for his special benefit. His education makes it necessary."

Thus it becomes more and more apparent, that what we need is alternatives. Alternatives and more alternatives. Alternatives that prepare us to

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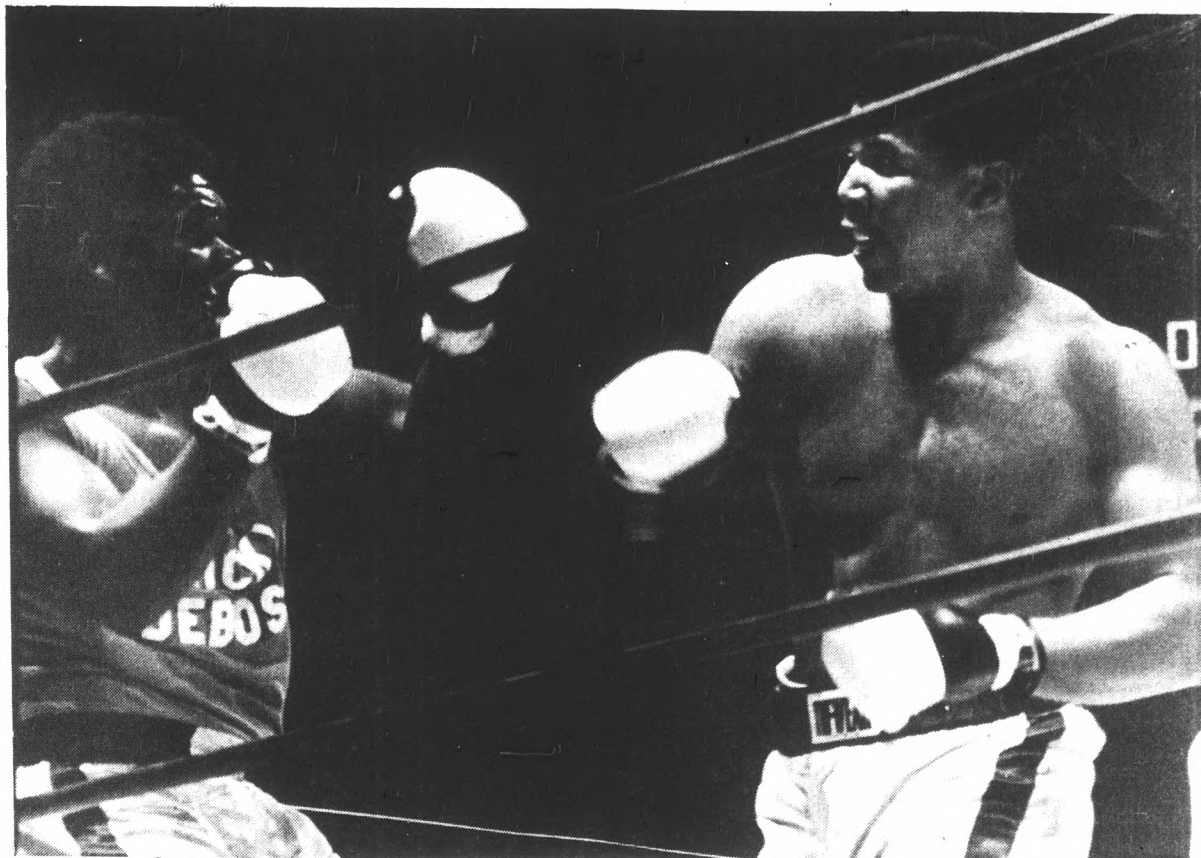
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And in this corner...

by Ed Lit

Thump, thump, thump.
The rhythmic sounds of young men skipping rope and hitting the speed and heavy bags make up the constant motion of Newman's gym.
It's a beat that goes on, highlighted by a shrill sounding bell that goes off every three minutes, signifying the end of a round. One minute later, the fighters hear the bell and whether they like it or not, the thumping continues.
It is ballet.
There's a mixture of color. Red sweatpants, green addidas, white shorts with Everlast written in black. Jab jab jab. Bobbing and weaving, punching imaginary opponents, sucking in air through mouthpieces.
They train, trying to overcome awkwardness. The ugly duckling turning into a precision fighter.
The trainers are there too, wearing white shoes. They work with their fighters like a pimp with his whore.
Newman's, located on Leavenworth Street on the fringe of the Tenderloin, is for boxers. The would be ones, along with the amateur and professionals are there. Pay your dues, put on the gloves and work out. Receive expert training and you're ready for Leon Spinks or whoever is the heavyweight champion.
Don Stewart is a manager and trainer of professional and amateur fighters.
He is found daily at Newman's but he won't be there the week of April 17-24. Stewart will be in Biloxi, Miss., managing and training a heavyweight contender for the National AAU Golden Gloves Championship.
Last week at the Examiner Golden Gloves Boxing Championships, held at San Francisco's Civic Auditorium, Michael Gans won the heavyweight senior title.
Eighteen months ago Gans was standing in front of a Market Street clothing store. Muscles bulged out of his 6'4", 235 pound physique. Stewart saw him and knew he was an athlete. He asked the 19-year-old if he'd be interested in boxing.
Stewart can sense rhythm, necessary for a boxer, just by watching him walk. He knows, having had 86 fights when he was known as Baby Manuels, and because of his association with former champion George Foreman and trainer Gil Clancy, he is one of San Francisco's respected boxing authorities.

The Golden Gloves crowd was a mixture of businessman in blazers and grey flannel, along with others sparkling in iridescent threads. There were jumpsuits, accessorized with synthetic gold chains hanging from necks and arms.
It didn't matter who they were or where they came from. The majority wanted blood.
Sammy Stein, the ring announcer, added to the exciting flavor of the evenings. He was a cross section of Georgie Jessel and Johnnie Addie, Madison Square Garden's famous boxing voice. It was San Francisco's version of the Friday night fights.
"In this corner, from New Oakland Boy's Club, weighing 139 pounds, Joe Hotel-Hotelllll. And from Tulare, unattached, in the blue corner, weighing 138 and one-half pounds, Johnnie Brooks, Brookssss."
It seemed both fighters had changed their names. They picked good boxing names or at least their managers did. Joe Hotel and Johnnie Brooks had flash, just right for a young contender.
When the crowd sensed a killer in the ring, it cheered him on. An untrained street fighter from San Bruno captured the animalistic attitudes of the paying patrons.
Anastasios Zografos was a real life Rocky. Without skill or experience behind him he won his three bouts, capturing the 178 pound novice title. All he had was desire as he reached all the way back to San Bruno to deliver the hardest rights of the competition. The crowd showered the ring with coins as a gesture of appreciation.



Here comes a Gans combination as Debose tries to protect himself.

Photo by Andy Lesser

Don Stewart walked around the arena saying hello to all the old timers, ushers and assorted personalities that make up a boxing event.
"You wouldn't think that guy's rich, would ya?" Stewart asked, indicating an older man carrying a brown paper bag.

Jumping up and down, Gans entered the ring for his first match. He quickly went into a familiar routine of skipping and shuffling, moving like an all too familiar champion of the near past.

He stood his ground, took Len Lawson's best shot and circled left, throwing jab after jab. During the third round the fight was stopped.

Stein yelled out, "Referee stops the fight at 2:45 of the third round because of a lacerated eye. The winner, Michael Gans, Gans."

Raising his arms in victory and blowing kisses to the audience, the crowd booed the victor. Gans was bigger and cocky and the crowd didn't like it. It was too easy.

It was the same scene for his second fight only Gans put on more of a show. When the ref separated the two boxers, Gans did a pantomime. "Let me at em," his body and face expressed.

At 2:15 of the third round, the fight was stopped. Gans' opponent, Charles Tony from Oakland, could no longer compete.

On the night of the finals, even the prim and proper ladies and gentlemen were caught up in the action. They sat on the edge of their seats rooting for a favorite or for the fighter in the nearest corner.

Stewart came into the ring holding the ropes apart for Gans to slip through.

"Introducing the senior heavyweights," Stein said. "In the red corner, from New Oakland Boy's Club, Ricky Debose, Debose."

"And in the blue corner, representing San Francisco's Central YMCA, weighing 235 pounds, managed by Don Stewart, Michael Gans, Gans."

There was a mixture of cheers and boos. Everyone knew Debose didn't have a chance.

The bell rang and Gans circled left and then threw an enormous right hook that landed. Debose was in shock and ran from Gans for three minutes until the bell finally saved him.

There was no way Debose's corner or the referee would allow Gans to beat up Ricky for another round.

By mutual consent, the fight was stopped.

Gans was a Golden Gloves champ. Not only was he head and shoulders physically above the rest but his skill outclassed all the opponents.

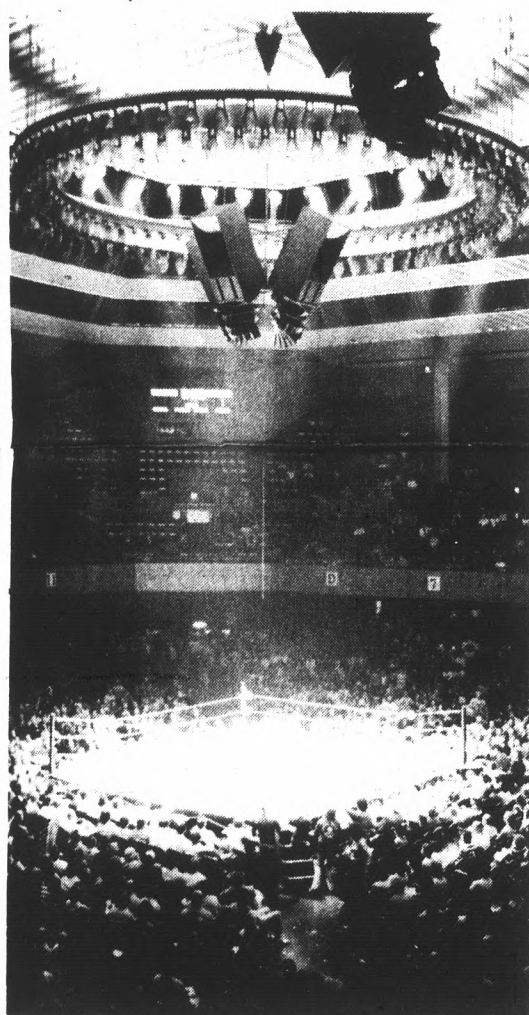
Debose said, "He's too strong."
Gans said he wanted to keep going, to fight more, as he signed autographs for young admirers.

Stewart said Gans has been invited to fight for the U.S. Boxing team against Russia. They haven't accepted because of their concentration on the national competition in Mississippi.

Gans is totally committed to his boxing future. He said, "I want to go and win the Olympics (1980 in Moscow), like Sugar Ray and George Foreman. Then come back and turn pro."

The Golden Gloves was just a preparatory schooling for Gans. The true flavor of amateur boxing thrived in the novice class.

Johnnie Brooks from Tulare won the 139 pound novice division. As he left the ring, jumping up and down, people cheered and yelled his name. The crowd was wrapped up in the excitement. "Yeah Johnnie." They never saw him before and wouldn't see him again until same time next year at the Golden Gloves.

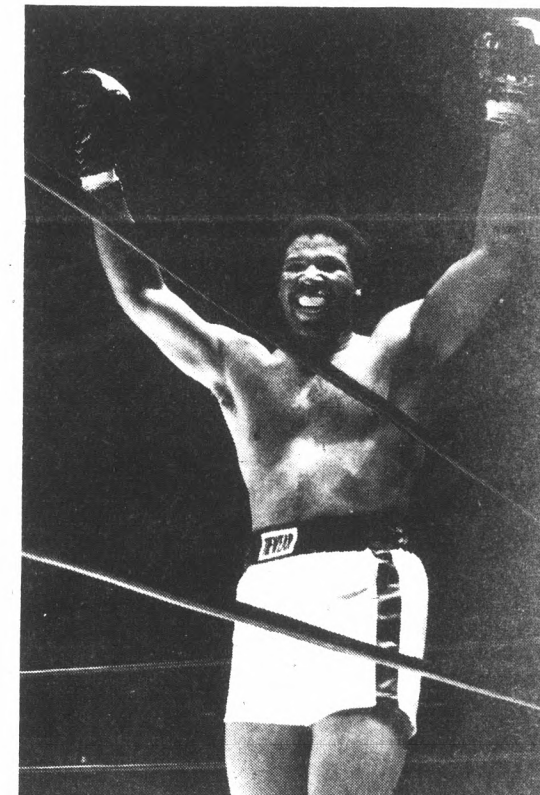


A smoke filled arena adds to the flavor of a boxing match.



"It's only one more round kid," pleads a manager to his fighter. Mark Camaren eventually lost a close decision to finalist Ricky Debose in opening night action.

Photos by Gary Cameron



The winner and Golden Gloves Heavyweight Champion Michael Gans.

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St. Joseph Hospital of Orange congratulates new Nursing graduates and invites you to consider a career with us.

We are a 506-bed acute care, university-affiliated, teaching hospital providing quality health care to the residents of Orange County since 1929.

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- Aliyah
- Volunteer Programs
- Study in Israel

MEET:

EVA SIVAN, an American citizen who moved to Israel several years ago and who is currently studying at SFSU, will talk briefly about her experiences beginning at 10 am.

Arnon Mantver, a representative for opportunities and aliyah.

David Meiri, a representative of the American Zionist Youth Foundation.

Yair Amit, representative for Kibbutz programs.

These people will be available to answer your questions about traveling, studying, or living in Israel. Join Israel's 30th Anniversary by visiting this historic land!

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Thursday, March 30:

"WHITE DAWN" (PG)

Timothy Bottoms, Lou Gossett

"ROMEO AND JULIET"

Leonard Whiting, Olivia Hussey

"SIDDHARTHA" (R)

From Herman Hesse's Book

"White Dawn": 6:40/"Romeo": 8:40/"Siddhartha": 11:05

Fri., Sat., Sun—March 31, April 1, 2:

"RAINBOW BRIDGE"

Jimi Hendrix

**"LADIES & GENTLEMEN:
THE ROLLING STONES"**

Bridge: Fri., Tues., 19:00 ONLY/"S tones": 7:15, 10:55

Sat., Sun.: "Bridge": 1:45, 5:20, 9:00/"Stones": 3:35, 7:15, 10:55

Tuesday April 4:

Hendrix & Stones

(Program Repeated)

Wed., Thurs., Fri.: April 5, 6, 7:

"THE SEVEN SAMURAI"

Tishiro Mifune

Dir: Akira Kurosawa

8:00 pm Wednesday & Thursday

8:30 pm Friday

(3½ hours long)

Sat. until 5:00

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BACKWORDS

The Tenderloin trap

by Jeff Kaye

At six o'clock in the morning the Tenderloin is quiet, misty and cold. The sun is just beginning to rise, but the local bars are already opening.

As early morning drinkers come inside, some of them joke and call the bartender by name, as if they were spending an evening out with the boys. Others come in silently, desperate for their first taste of the morning.

Whiskey and vodka are poured, but most customers ask for beer. Some don't have to make requests. They walk in, say good morning, and immediately get a glass of the usual.

Morning drinking in the Tenderloin takes place in bars nestled between cheap hotels and greasy spoons, on streets such as Eddy, Ellis and Turk.

The 501 - Jones Street

A gray-haired man drinking a bottle of Budweiser looks like J. Edgar Hoover with his round, wrinkled face and plump jowls. His receding hair is slicked straight back and his faded sports jacket is at least 30 years old. Halfway through his second bottle he notices her.

She is sitting three bar stools to his left, sipping a glass of Olympia. Maybe she's 30; maybe she's 40. It's hard to tell. Her dirty blonde hair comes down to the middle of her ear on the sides and is slightly longer in back. Her face is blank as she mechanically drinks her beer and takes long drags off a Winston.

He stares at her, waiting to make eye contact. When she looks toward him he smiles and says, "Hi, what's your name?" The sound of his voice competes with a Tom Jones record on the juke box and the laughter of four men farther down the bar.

"Dawn," she answers.

"Phyllis?"

"No, Dawn."

The four men seated together at the far end of the bar roll dice for drinks with the bartender. One is drinking Budweiser, the others Coors, or "Colorado Kool-Aid" as they call it.

Behind them is a dusty pinball machine and a working restroom with an "Out of Order" sign tacked on the door. The bartender later said that the sign is "just there to keep the people off the street out."

After a slight pause, Dawn turns back to the man on her right and asks his name.

"Frank, Frank Sullivan."

She looks surprised. "Frank Sinatra?"

"No, Frank Sullivan."

He pulls out his wallet and hands her a business card.

"You're in construction?" she asks.

"Real estate too," he says proudly.

She smiles, takes another sip of beer and with more enthusiasm asks, "Are you married?"

"No, no. I'm a bachelor. Been a bachelor for 25 years."

The men at the end of the bar are talking about ships. "This country doesn't build good ships anymore," one of them says. "All the good ones are coming out of Japan," says another.

As they continue to talk, it becomes obvious that they are longshoremen, but whether they still work is not clear.

They appear to be in their mid-50s and are wearing sports shirts. Two have gray crew cuts, another is almost bald and the fourth has short black hair with traces of gray.

They seem too lively to have been working the previous night, dressed too well to be going to work later in the morning and a little too young to be retired. Maybe there's just no work.

After more conversation, Frank tells Dawn he has to go to his office, but she should stop by and see him sometime.

"That would be nice," she says.

The Ritz - Eddy Street

The atmosphere isn't quite as friendly at the Ritz. The two customers in the bar are both grizzly wino types with beard stubble and stained, rumpled clothes. One is silent and motionless, moving only to drink his beer or to signal for another.

The second customer is waiting for the liquor store across the street to open so he can buy a bottle and go back up to his room and watch television. He spouts off to no one in particular about getting laid in the Tenderloin. "Man, you gotta be crazy to lay any of these broads around here. They all got the clap. If you go up to their place, you get beat on the head and robbed. I don't fuck around with none of these broads. When I wanna get laid, I go to Redwood City."

The bartender is washing glasses at a sink behind the bar. He's about 30, and wearing a loud, print shirt.

A young black man, one of a few standing outside the bar, walks in and asks for change for a \$20 bill.

"I ain't got any change yet," the bartender tells him.

"It's too early."

"C'mon, man, you got some change."

"I told ya it's too early," the bartender repeats.

When the man leaves the bartender says, "They don't do nothing for me. Why should I do anything for them? They just stand out there all day looking for dope. Fuck 'em."

Hob Nob Lounge - Geary

The floor is carpeted, a large mirror rests on the wall behind the bar. A slow country ballad is playing on the juke box. Two customers sit at the bar with clear colored drinks.

A woman with short brown hair is dressed in a heavy blue coat that reaches below her knees. A man with shoulder length hair and keys hanging from a belt loop on his jeans is talking to the bartender about taxes and how much he's going to get back.

The bartender, about 30, is wearing a purple and white shirt which is unbuttoned at the chest.

After the woman leaves, the bartender says, "She told me she's not wearing anything under her coat. She said she didn't think I'd mind."

A bald man in his 40s comes in wearing a blue jogging



Six a.m. brings the drinkers as well as the dawn in some Tenderloin bars.

Photos by Gary Cameron



Beer is the usual morning eye-opener for bar regulars.



Tenderloin streets come to life at an early hour.

suit. He looks tired like he's been around the block a few times. After ordering a vodka and seven, he walks over to the juke box and puts a coin in.

Another slow country song comes on with the refrain, "All alone in the sunrise, by myself in the dawn."

Peacock Club - Ellis Street

The walls are almost completely covered with paintings of nude women. Two of the paintings are on black velvet and look new. The rest are from the 40s and 50s.

A sign on the wall behind the bar says, "The credit manager is Helen Waite. If you want credit, go to Helen Waite."

There's a juke box, but the rotund bartender and his three customers are listening to KCBS on an old radio.

The bartender is wearing a suit and tie and is talking about women with the three beer-drinking men. A clean cut man in work clothes says to the bartender, "Yeah, you remember that one broad I came in here with the doncha? The blonde? You know, the one with the tits?"

A withered old man comes limping in and sits on a bar stool away from everyone else. Most of his teeth are missing; he is wearing a ripped nylon jacket with a faded flannel shirt underneath.

The bartender immediately pulls a bottle of Budweiser out from under the counter, twists the top off, and brings it over to the man.

"When did they let you out Charlie?" the bartender asks.

"Judge said there's nothing they could hold me for," is the reply.

The bartender returns to his other customers and they resume their conversation about women they have known.

Charlie takes a few swallows of beer, gets off his stool and drags it over to a bench by the front door. He lies down with his back against the armrest and props his bad leg onto the bar stool.

When two of the men at the bar leave to go to work, the bartender spots Charlie.

"What the hell are you doing?" he says. "Bad enough this place gotta be called the Peacock Club without you laying there by the door. What if somebody comes in here? Why don't you stretch out in the booth back there?"

He nods his head toward a booth in the back corner. Charlie rises slowly.

"I gotta keep the leg up."

"I know, I know. Lay down in the booth back there."

Horny Owl - O'Farrell

Like many of the bars open at this hour, all the patrons at the Horny Owl are male. But there's a difference here.

When a man in his early 20s walks in and takes a seat at the bar, the blond, curly-haired bartender says, "Can I see some ID darling?"

"How about your phone number," says a man in a black leather jacket.

Disco music pours out of the juke box and two men in straight-legged jeans play pinball on one of several machines that line the back wall. Owls of all shapes and sizes rest on shelves behind the bar.

A man in his 40s with shoulder length brown hair walks in and someone shouts, "Well, here she comes." He sits down next to the man in the leather jacket and orders a screwdriver.

Moments later, a woman bursts in frantically. "I gotta use the phone," she says. "My car's been stolen."

"Right over there," says the bartender, pointing to a pay phone on the wall by the door.

The woman calls the police. After the call she sits down to wait for the police to arrive and orders a whiskey on the rocks.

"Where was your car?" the bartender asks.

"On the sidewalk," she answers.

Cinnabar - Ellis Street

Two grimy men in thrift shop clothes sit at the bar drinking beer. A third man, similarly dressed, comes in and joins them.

"Can you trust me for a couple of drinks?" he asks the bartender.

Silently, the bartender opens a bottle of Budweiser and brings it to him. No one talks. The customers stare at their beer, or somewhere off in the distance. The bartender sits on a stool behind the bar and reads the Chronicle.

The black and white tile floor is cracked and dirty. Against the wall, two pinball machines stand, relics of the days when three games cost a dime. The long, wooden bar bears the initials of people who have come and gone.

Cinnabar is the decaying remains of an earlier, probably happier, era. It's murky and depressing, but faded photographs and other memorabilia on the walls recall a time when it must have been a popular place to get drunk with friends and listen to boxing or baseball on the radio.

A large picture of Babe Ruth, taking a mighty swat, hangs on the wall behind the bar. Next to it is an autographed picture of some obscure boxer, maybe a local boy who made good. "1938" it says under the signature.

By 10 o'clock the streets of the Tenderloin are alive. Stores are opening; buses and cars crowd the pavement. The junkies and winos are out, but they're not as plentiful or dangerous during the daylight.

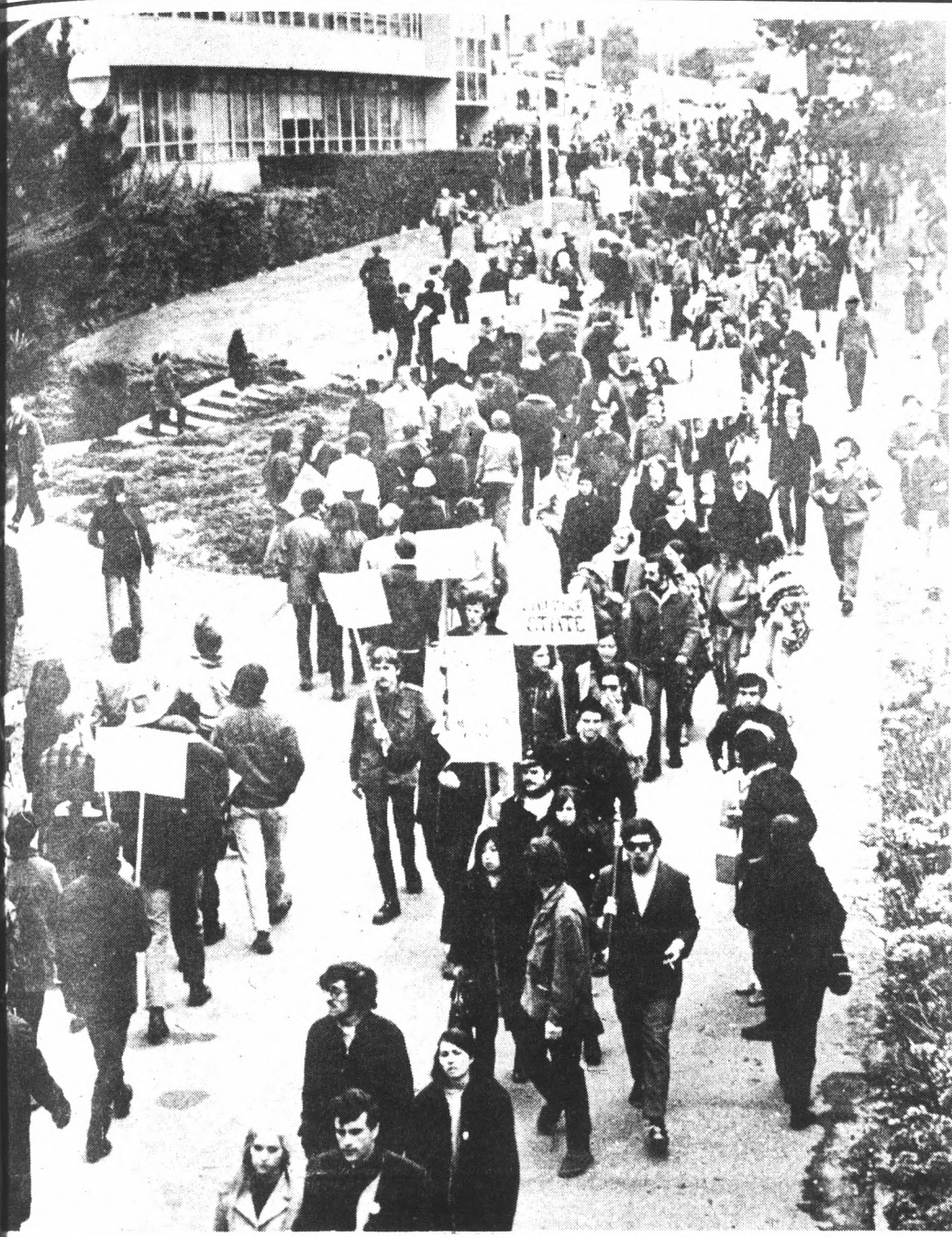
Old people leave their hotels to visit friends and take care of business before darkness falls and they're forced to lock themselves away in their rooms again.

By now, many of the early morning drinkers have left their favorite haunts. Some remain -- waiting for the money or credit to run out. But for most, it's time to move on.

The hard hats, taxi drivers and other workers are either off to start a new day, or heading home after a long night on the job. Still others, the ones who seem to come from nowhere, just slip out the door and disappear.

DECADE

Phoenix and the SF State experience --a ten-year campus retrospective



Decade. The 10 years from 1968 to 1978. The Strike, and a time of reconstruction. A campus stumbling into the Seventies. And a newspaper recording the drama and tumult of the times.

Ten years ago this spring, *Phoenix* made its first appearance at SF State. And 10 years ago this fall, the campus faced the Strike--the greatest crisis of its existence.

The staff of *Phoenix* compiled this special supplement--*Decade*--to commemorate both events.

Herein are the highlights of a decade of the SF State experience as witnessed and reported by the school's weekly newspaper.

Decade, among other things, documents the steady shift from the politically active Sixties to the apathetic Seventies. As Dylan wrote, we were so much older then; we're younger than that now.

Ten years ago, the war in Vietnam was reaching its height. Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King were killed by gunmen. Richard Nixon was elected to the presidency. The hippie era was ending, and the age of student radicalism was in full swing.

At SF State, events were leading inexorably to that time of violence and boiling unrest known as the Strike.

Amidst it all, on Thursday, Feb. 29, 1968, *Phoenix* was born.

Its birth was as violent as the times.

Its predecessor, the *Daily Gater*, was produced by the Journalism Department in the same office that now houses *Phoenix*. Funding for the *Gater* came from the Associated Students.

On Nov. 6, 1967, Jim Vaszko, then 21 and the editor of the *Gater*, was beaten in the paper's office by members and supporters of the Black Students Union. Among the attackers were George Murray, a part-time English teacher who later became a leader of the Strike, and BSU chairman Benny Stewart.

Supporters of the BSU had said the *Gater* was racist and inaccurate in its coverage of the group.

Steve Toomajian, a *Phoenix* staffer, later wrote this about the incident:

Instead of drawing sympathy for the beating, Vaszko became the whipping boy for campus radicals. He was accused of "racism" for bringing criminal charges against his attackers, nine of who were convicted later of misdemeanor battery. Vaszko's editorship was challenged in hearings before the student-faculty Board of Publications (the official publisher of the Gater). He received threatening phone calls. All but one of his assistant editors quit the newspaper.

At first angry over the incident, Vaszko wrote an editorial calling for the expulsion of the BSU. He then left the *Gater* staff and toured Europe for several months.

"It took me a while," Vaszko later said, "but I really learned something from the beating I took. I learned that violence can be a very normal, human reaction. My own reaction to the beating was also very normal. I had been kicked in the head, and I reacted by striking back with that editorial. I figure my attackers had been kicked in the head, too--probably literally in a lot of instances, and certainly figuratively."

Soon afterwards, the increasingly-radical AS and the Journalism Department discontinued their cooperative effort to put out the *Gater*, which was issued by a new staff in the spring of 1968 as an AS-funded, AS-produced newspaper.

To replace the *Gater* as a laboratory newspaper for journalism students, the Journalism Department decided to launch *Phoenix* with its own funds.

Many of the *Gater* editors who worked with Vaszko the preceding fall were on hand during *Phoenix*'s first year.

A phoenix, says Webster's *Third New International Dictionary*, is "a legendary bird ... consumed in fire by its own act, and rising in youthful freshness from its own ashes."

But a phoenix is also something "that experiences a restoration, renewal, or seeming rebirth after ruin and destruction."

After the 1967 attack on the *Daily Gater* office and the anger that followed, *Phoenix* was born--a new bird rising from the ruins of the old *Gater*.

Today, the symbol represents both the paper and the campus, growing from the ashes of the Strike of 1968-69.

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The Strike -- blow by blow

Phoenix was born just in time to cover its biggest story.

The Strike of 1968-69 -- more accurately, the general boycott of classes instigated by the Black Students Union -- began on Nov. 6, 1968, exactly one year to the day after the attack on the Gater office.

The Gater battle, besides being the first violent act of the Strike era, was the first indication of the unrest festering within students at SF State. Within months, that unrest would turn the school into an urban battleground.

Politically minded students became more active, more vocal, and increasingly frustrated with their lack of influence on the campus administration and on society as a whole.

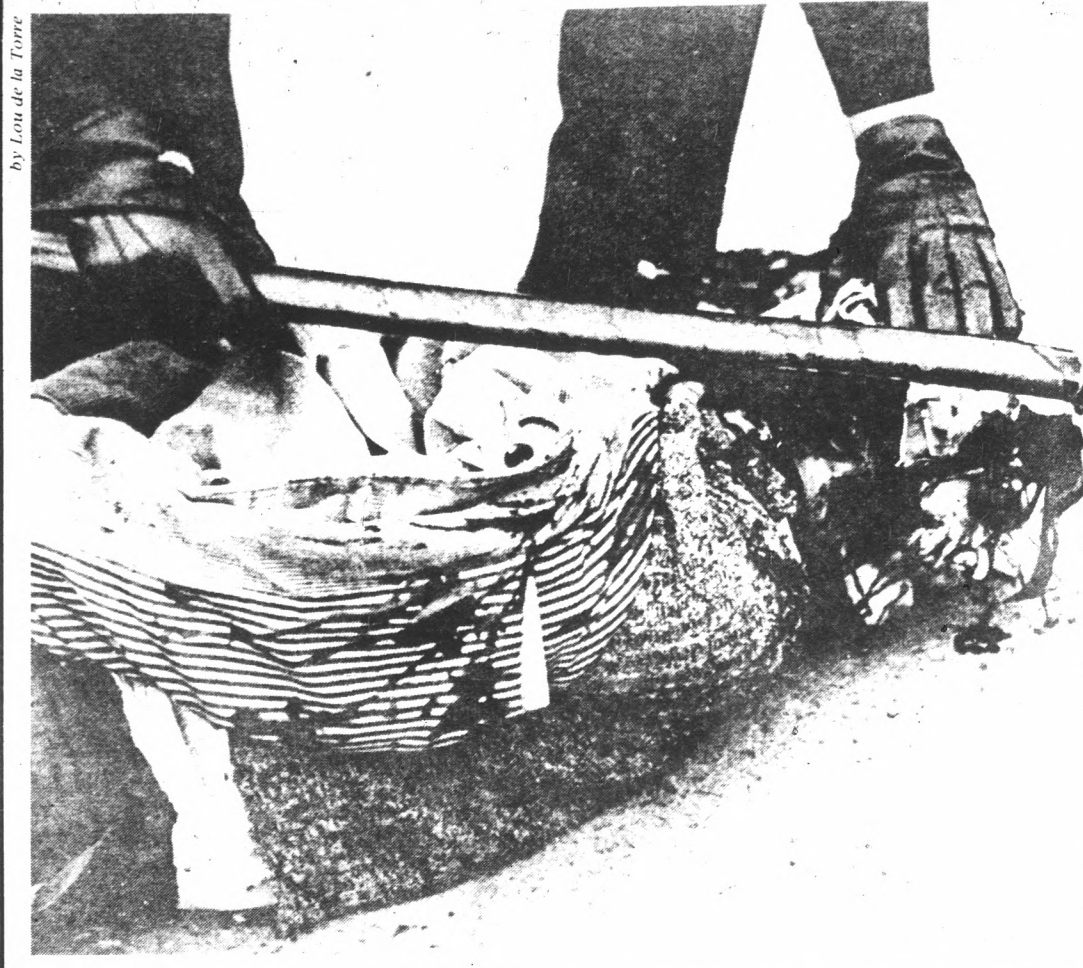
On May 21, 1968, several hundred of these students staged a sit-in at the Administration Building. Among their demands were the elimination of SF State's Air Force ROTC program, the admission of 400 "non-qualified" minority freshmen, and the hiring of minorities to fill most of the nine available teaching positions in the tutorial program.

The sit-in resulted in the first appearance of city police on campus in its history. About 50 helmeted officers of the San Francisco Police Department Tactical Squad -- later branded the "Tac Squad" -- arrested 25 student demonstrators.

In its coverage of the incident, Phoenix ran this headline: "A college community in crisis." But the crisis was just beginning.

Enter George Murray -- a part-time instructor, a Black Students Union member, the Black Panther's Minister of Education, and one of the participants in the Gater attack. On Oct. 31, Murray called for a student strike to protest the administration's "stalling" of a promised black studies program.

The Strike began the following week. On Nov. 6, students entered classrooms to announce the Strike. The administration ordered the school closed early that afternoon, and city police cleared the campus.



Events followed quickly:

November: Incidents of violence began. Bombs blew up. Offices were ransacked. Classes were disrupted daily. Regular disciplinary rules were suspended.

The campus was closed by President Robert Smith from Nov. 13 to 20, after a 15-minute battle between students and the Tac Squad.

Smith quit under pressure. English professor S.I. Hayakawa was named acting president by Chancellor Glenn S. Dymke. Hayakawa declared a "state of emergency."

Hayakawa got tough with strikers. He made rallies illegal. Faculty and student Strike leaders were suspended.

December: The American Federation of Teachers scheduled a strike for Dec. 16.

Meanwhile, confrontations became increasingly violent. Cars were rolled into

roads, reporters arrested, and protesters were maced and clubbed after throwing rocks.

Hayakawa made a peace offer, granting some of the strikers' demands, but was leered by demonstrators. Mounted police came on campus.

January: Spring attendance drops to about 50 percent. About 250 teachers were striking, many others "had the flu." Hayakawa said he was having "secret talks" and "peace was closer than ever."

Dumke said any teacher missing five consecutive days of instruction would be fired. Sixty-one percent of the faculty voted to support the Strike, as did nearly 150 campus organizations.

The Strike climaxed with 454 students arrested on Jan. 23.

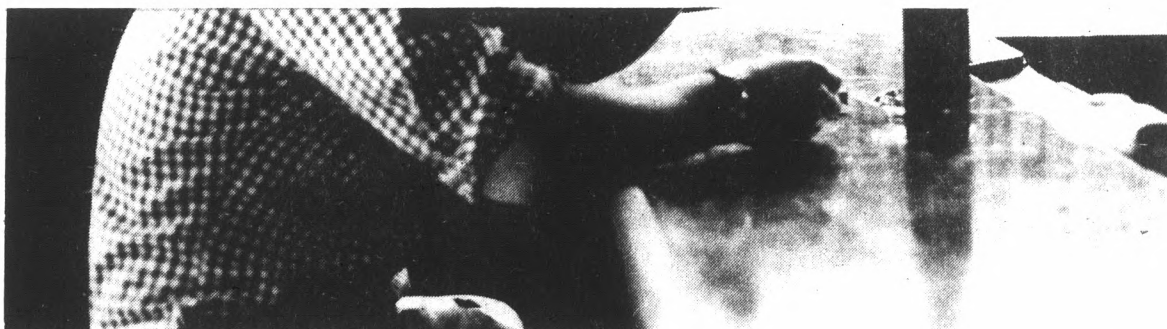
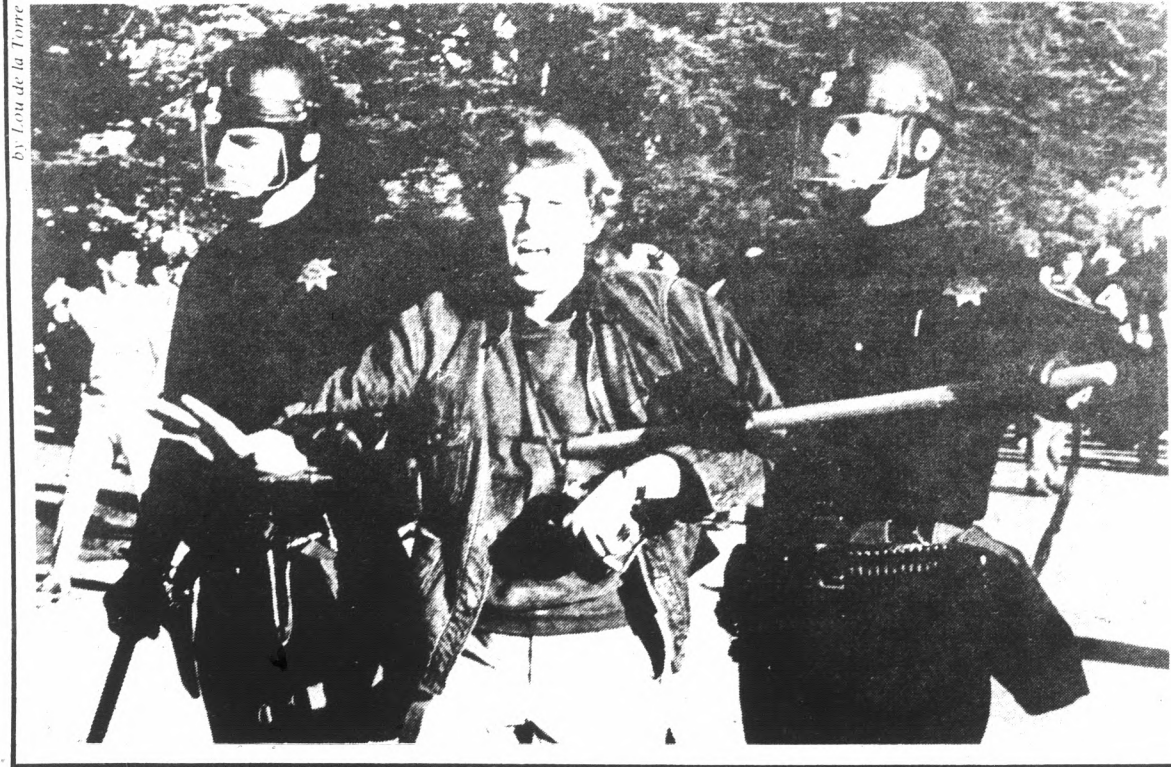
February: Strikers suffered setbacks. Nathan Hare was removed as Black Studies program chairman. Superior Court Judge Edward O'day ordered strike leaders in the Associated Students to resign and put a freeze on AS spending. Funds were turned over to Bank of America for safekeeping.

The state Senate passed a bill empowering college presidents to order "trouble makers" off campus.

March: Teachers continued their meeting. A negotiating committee appointed by Hayakawa replied to BSU demands, some of which were met. A permanent Black Studies Department and a School of Ethnic Studies were created.

The college administration again asked for peace after hearing that student groups had planned a new rally. Negotiations seemed to be effective, and on March 21, 1969, the Strike officially ended.

Eventually, SF State became a quiet commuter college. The Black Studies Department still exists, but no one rattles the doors of the Administration Building anymore. Hayakawa is a United States Senator, and the leaders of the Strike have faded into anonymity.



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Hayakawa: 'No one to tell my story'

S.I. Hayakawa was seldom more vehement in his defense of the course he pursued during the Strike than in a December, 1968, interview with Phoenix reporter Carol Corville. The following excerpt from the interview, which ran in the Jan. 16, 1969 issue of Phoenix, begins as Hayakawa and Corville watch a crowd of demonstrators from the SF State president's office window.

"Look, look, look at me," he waved. "Here are the police," holding his hands out in front of him as if he held a billy club. "Walking like this, their clubs in front of them. look. One-two-three, walking very slowly," he faltered forward, "giving people plenty of chance to get away."

"And have you seen what those demonstrators do? Those girls, they just stand there in front of them, daring the police to strike them!" He shook his head angrily.

"Well ... I haven't seen that too much," I said slowly. "I've seen the police charging into people more than anything else."

"The police haven't charged! When did the police charge anybody this week? When?" he demanded.

"Last Tuesday and Thursday," I said. "There were several times when I had to run because huge masses of people were being chased by the police."

Hayakawa shook his head. "The campus is a safer place to be because those police are here. The police aren't the ones going around planting bombs in the buildings!"

"But they're the ones cracking people over the head with their clubs," I interjected.

"Ah, there you go, so much hostility toward the police. They're creating this anti-police atmosphere, those students out there. They're saying all sorts of things about the police that aren't true."

I went on to the next question. "By keeping classes going you imply that you



want to keep the educational process alive. However, you have denied the students of this college the constitutional right of assembly and freedom of speech. Do you believe that these rights do not belong in the educational process?"

"I have not denied them these rights; I have not denied them freedom of speech," he said.

"But you forbid them to assemble; you won't let them use sound equipment."

"There's a very great difference between freedom of speech and sound equipment. Even at that, I have permitted the police to let (students) use sound equipment at times rather than have a confrontation."

I watched him a minute, and then went on.

"\$30,000 a day is being spent to keep the police here. Why can't you raise that kind of money for the Ethnic Studies Department and the Black Studies Department?"

"That isn't my money. I'm not paying it. San Francisco and the police department are paying it. It's coming out of police funds in order to protect students against being beaten up — against gangs of hoodlums going around from classroom to classroom."

"I haven't seen any gangs of hoodlums. All I've seen are the police," I said.

"You know why you haven't seen any hoodlums?" he cried. "Because the police are in each of those buildings now, that's why you haven't seen any hoodlums, not like last May when they went around disrupting classrooms."

"Why are your questions so hostile?" he cried. "Why don't you ask friendly questions?"

"How can my questions help but be hostile with the police out there? How can you expect friendly questions at a time like this?" I asked.

"You're supposed to be the *Phoenix*. You're respectable. Tell me, what's going to happen when the *Phoenix* (is) against me? It will really be awful then," he said.

"Why? Why will it be so awful for us to be against you? What will happen?"

"This school will close, that's what will happen. And once this school shuts down, then there goes the rest of the country, too ..."

"Why will it close just because we're against you?"

"Because there will be no one to tell my story," he said, shaking his head sadly. "No one to tell my story."

A few minutes later, he threw the door open and said, "Go on, shoo, I've had enough of your questions!" and waved me out the door.

A bloody bust at 19th and Holloway

Phoenix reporter Bruce Campbell was arrested on Dec. 5, 1968, during the height of the Strike. Here are excerpts from an account he wrote for Phoenix's Dec. 12 issue.

The police had swept the bulk of demonstrators and onlookers up to 19th and Holloway Avenues. As the crowd spilled onto 19th Ave., people began to block traffic.

Shortly, traffic was piled up for several blocks in all directions at the intersection.

At this point about 30 highway patrolmen marched across 19th Ave. to clear traffic and were met by rocks from the demonstrators. More of the missiles hit cars and other students than patrolmen, however.

The patrolmen lined up near Ecumenical House while dozens of demonstrators (threw stones) at them.

Four demonstrators rolled a parked wire service press car out into the road and pushed it into the thin line of patrolmen. Many people yelled for them not to do it, but the pleas went unheeded.

As the car rolled toward them, the officers broke ranks and charged with incoherent cries

into the front group of demonstrators.

Standing to the side, I was amazed that they could run so fast.

Several patrolmen veered toward the group of people I was with, and we began to run up Denslowe Ave. off Holloway Ave. As I fled, I turned my head to see if the patrolmen were still coming, and as I did, someone collided with me and knocked me to the street.

Dazed, I tried to get to my feet. A patrolman raced by me and made an unsuccessful lunge for a girl. Seeing me, he stopped and began screaming epithets at me which are legally termed as obscenities.

I covered my head and assumed a frantic fetal position. The officer kept screaming at me, swatted me on the back with his club and pulled me to my feet. He then pushed me, causing me to fall and scrape my knees. My arms were jammed behind my back as I was handcuffed, and I was taken back to Holloway Ave.

At Holloway Ave. I became the target of more obscenities from patrolmen as they grabbed me and pushed me against a

Volkswagen. Someone grabbed my thumb and twisted it, causing me to cry out. I tried to get someone's badge number, but was prevented because my head was pressed flat against the roof of the Volkswagen.

A photographer attempted to take my picture but was shoved out of range by two patrolmen. Seeing that my knees were bleeding, two medical students offered to bandage them, but were also pushed away.

Two more persons were pushed against the car next to me. One had a deep gash down the back of his head, and blood covered his neck and jacket. The other person learned after x-rays had been taken that his skull had been fractured.

A paddy wagon drove up and handcuffs were taken off us as we were photographed and searched.

The inside of the paddy wagon literally was covered with blood. It was all over the walls, the ceiling, and huge splotches covered the floor.

At the Hall of Justice I learned I was charged with Section 243 of the Penal Code -- assaulting a police officer.

BACKWORDS

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by Jeff Kaye

At six o'clock in the morning the Tenderloin is quiet, misty and cold. The sun is just beginning to rise, but the local bars are already opening.

As early morning drinkers come inside, some of them joke and call the bartender by name, as if they were spending an evening out with the boys. Others come in silently, desperate for their first taste of the morning.

Whiskey and vodka are poured, but most customers ask for beer. Some don't have to make requests. They walk in, say good morning, and immediately get a glass of the usual.

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The 501 - Jones Street

A gray-haired man drinking a bottle of Budweiser looks like J. Edgar Hoover with his round, wrinkled face and plump jowls. His receding hair is slicked straight back and his faded sports jacket is at least 30 years old. Halfway through his second bottle he notices her.

She is sitting three bar stools to his left, sipping a glass of Olympia. Maybe she's 30; maybe she's 40. It's hard to tell. Her dirty blonde hair comes down to the middle of her ear on the sides and is slightly longer in back. Her face is blank as she mechanically drinks her beer and takes long drags off a Winston.

He stares at her, waiting to make eye contact. When she looks toward him he smiles and says, "Hi, what's your name?" The sound of his voice competes with a Tom Jones record on the juke box and the laughter of four men farther down the bar.

"Dawn," she answers.

"Phyllis?"

"No, Dawn."

The four men seated together at the far end of the bar roll dice for drinks with the bartender. One is drinking Budweiser, the others Coors, or "Colorado Kool-Aid" as they call it.

Behind them is a dusty pinball machine and a working restroom with an "Out of Order" sign tacked on the door. The bartender later said that the sign is "just there to keep the people off the street out."

After a slight pause, Dawn turns back to the man on her right and asks his name.

"Frank, Frank Sullivan."

She looks surprised. "Frank Sinatra?"

"No, Frank Sullivan."

He pulls out his wallet and hands her a business card. "You're in construction?" she asks.

"Real estate too," he says proudly.

She smiles, takes another sip of beer and with more enthusiasm asks, "Are you married?"

"No, no. I'm a bachelor. Been a bachelor for 25 years."

The men at the end of the bar are talking about ships. "This country doesn't build good ships anymore," one of them says. "All the good ones are coming out of Japan," says another.

As they continue to talk, it becomes obvious that they are longshoremen, but whether they still work is not clear.

They appear to be in their mid-50s and are wearing sports shirts. Two have gray crew cuts, another is almost bald and the fourth has short black hair with traces of gray.

They seem too lively to have been working the previous night, dressed too well to be going to work later in the morning and a little too young to be retired. Maybe there's just no work.

After more conversation, Frank tells Dawn he has to go to his office, but she should stop by and see him sometime.

"That would be nice," she says.

The Ritz - Eddy Street

The atmosphere isn't quite as friendly at the Ritz. The two customers in the bar are both grizzly wino types with beard stubble and stained, rumpled clothes. One is silent and motionless, moving only to drink his beer or to signal for another.

The second customer is waiting for the liquor store across the street to open so he can buy a bottle and go back up to his room and watch television. He spouts off to no one in particular about getting laid in the Tenderloin. "Man, you gotta be crazy to lay any of these broads around here. They all got the clap. If you go up to their place, you get beat on the head and robbed. I don't fuck around with none of these broads. When I wanna get laid, I go to Redwood City."

The bartender is washing glasses at a sink behind the bar. He's about 30, and wearing a loud, print shirt.

A young black man, one of a few standing outside the bar, walks in and asks for change for a \$20 bill.

"I ain't got any change yet," the bartender tells him. "It's too early."

"C'mon, man, you got some change."

"I told ya it's too early," the bartender repeats.

When the man leaves the bartender says, "They don't do nothing for me. Why should I do anything for them? They just stand out there all day looking for dope. Fuck 'em."

Hob Nob Lounge - Geary

The floor is carpeted, a large mirror rests on the wall behind the bar. A slow country ballad is playing on the juke box. Two customers sit at the bar with clear colored drinks.

A woman with short brown hair is dressed in a heavy blue coat that reaches below her knees. A man with shoulder length hair and keys hanging from a belt loop on his jeans is talking to the bartender about taxes and how much he's going to get back.

The bartender, about 30, is wearing a purple and white shirt which is unbuttoned at the chest.

After the woman leaves, the bartender says, "She told me she's not wearing anything under her coat. She said she didn't think I'd mind."

A bald man in his 40s comes in wearing a blue jogging



A SF State student in the relevant, concerned 1968 edition...

Suddenly the 70s: S

After the Strike, campus life returned to a relatively quiet, commuter-oriented routine. Still, there were news flare-ups. Here are some of the highlights covered by Phoenix after the Strike years.

1970:

S.I. Hayakawa, SF State President, said he wouldn't run for public office.

Governor Ronald Reagan cut the CSUC budget by \$21.6 million.

Six Black Studies Department firings raised questions about the lifespan of the newly formed department.

Hayakawa said "it was necessary" to bring SF Police on campus in March "to supervise Military Information Day." One student was arrested on campus.

On AS election day, a red and white Piper plane flew out of a blue sky over campus, playing a Kate Smith tape over a loudspeaker. "God Bless America" and "I Left My Heart in San Francisco" filled the air as 3,000 students voted.

Black Student Union leaders claimed administrative interference with the Black Studies Department and burned the 1968 Strike agreement.

Two thousand demonstrators crowded SF State's commons protesting the Kent State murders and proposed another student strike. The faculty voted no on the strike proposal.

The administration pushed through a request to raise the AS fee from \$1 per semester to \$5.

Dr. Daniel Knapp, a faculty member fired during the Strike, won his fight to be reinstated.

The Holloway and 19th Avenue intersection was called a "death car derby" because of a rash of accidents.

1971:

Phoenix urged removal of CSUC Chancellor Glenn Dumke, a former SF State President, asking for "a better man."

Reagan's budget cut raised questions on the opening of the two new science buildings. No money was allotted for desks, light or heat.

Plans for a new Humanities Building were scrapped in the budget backlash. Other effects: elimination of 78 faculty positions, \$1.5 million SF State budget reduction, and elimination of EOP funds for second-year students.

Dorm students complained of increased crime, especially in Verducci Hall. An armed robbery and rape occurred on campus.

AS President John Twitchell and the College Union Council battled over control of the planned Student Union. Construction began on the Union.

The San Francisco Committee on Crime recommended the legalization of marijuana. Academic Affairs Vice President Donald Garrity co-authored the committee's report.

An ethnic survey of the campus showed 70 percent white students, 12 percent Asian American, 6 percent black, 4 percent Spanish surname, and 2 percent Native American enrolled here.

1972:

Hayakawa personally broke ground for the Child Care Center -- with a bulldozer.

State EOP grants were eliminated at SF State after another Reagan budget cut.

The Library budget was increased by \$225,000.

The first doctoral certificates were presented, both to philosophy majors.

A probe was launched into the Black Studies Department after a student said he was denied admission to a class because he was white.

S. I. Hayakawa brought a San Francisco Zoo elephant train to campus for a three-week trial run. The train -- actually a chain of golf carts with a plastic elephant's head -- ran from the dorms to the main campus. Rides were free.

Hayakawa insisted on a test drive, wearing a green pith helmet. After 40 days, students decided the elephant head was silly and asked for its removal.

Charles Jackson, a prominent figure in the Black Students Union, filed a suit in federal court charging a conspiracy to prevent black students from attending SF State.

An "unenthusiastic crowd of 150" sat on the main lawn to hear a spring anti-war rally.



His family's home endangered, Tom Proulx listens intently as administration officials announce plans at a 1974 press conference to close Gatorville. After a long battle to save it, the housing complex was finally torn down in 1976.



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Tenderloin streets come to life at an early hour.

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Cinnabar - Ellis Street

Two grimy men in thrift shop clothes sit at the bar drinking beer. A third man, similarly dressed, comes in and joins them.

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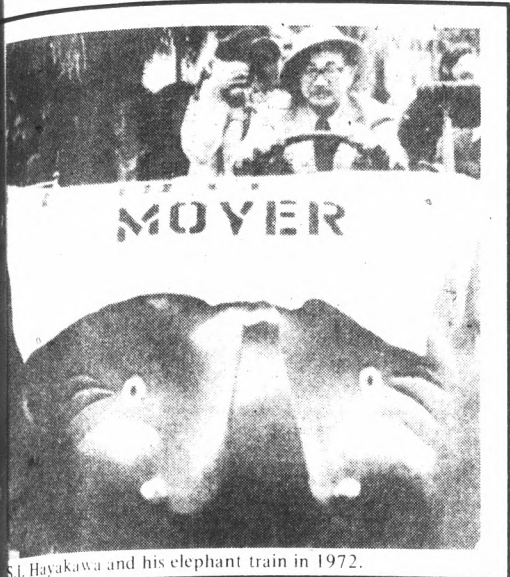
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SF State after the Strike



S.I. Hayakawa and his elephant train in 1972.

The 10-year SF State Liberian project, to help that country run its school system, ended and instructors returned home.

Twenty two students were arrested in the largest dorm drug bust ever. Marijuana, cocaine, amphetamines, LSD and hashish were seized.

Hayakawa announced his retirement beginning June, 1973.

Don Scoble was named Public Relations Director, replacing Harvey Yorke, who resigned to accept a post in the Reagan administration.

1973:

SF State professor Barry Jablon, fired during the Strike, was reinstated.

The selection committee for SF State's next president was cut down to three members. The CSUC Board of Trustees said they had final say about the new president.

The AS president won with less than 900 votes.

The Board of Trustees chose Bakersfield State College President Paul F. Romberg to be the new SF State president.

The Academic Senate immediately and unanimously asked him not to take the job.

Romberg took the job Sept. 1.

The name of the campus was finally settled on as San Francisco State University. Previous names were California State University, San Francisco, and San Francisco State College.

The AS and Romberg discussed IR funding, and disagreed on who controlled the programs. IR programs are student activities for which credit is given.

Alleged elephant train accident victims Robert and Pamela Daddio sued for \$100,000 in damages.

An urban studies instructor, Susan Grinel, refused to issue grades as "an act of love" to two classes and was removed from her teaching post.

A time capsule to be interred in the east corner of the new Student Union contained: an SF State catalog, copies of *Phoenix* and *Engel's*, Hayakawa's tam-o'-shanter, and a scroll signed by hundreds of students and faculty members. Inclusion of a joint was rumored.

Dorm student Paul Weaver was exempted from the mandatory purchasing of dormitory food on the grounds that the food was too expensive.

1974:

Computer Assisted Registration (CAR) was born and was immediately branded a "bureaucratic barrier" by the campus press.

CAR allegedly cost some students a semester because of scheduling mix-ups. Administrators said student errors caused most of the mistakes.

The Academic Senate passed a resolution to withhold its participation in Romberg's administrative reorganization plan.

AS President Tim Dayonot said Romberg's reorganization plan would drop the AS one step further down the ladder from the administration. Meanwhile, Romberg promised to be a more "visible" administrator on campus in 1974.

Professor Ralph Anspach filed a complaint against General Mills charging harassment. General Mills said the name of the professor's game-invention, *Anti-Monopoly*, sounded too much like their Parker Brother's game, *Monopoly*.

Romberg's reorganization plan went into effect. Administrators Larry Kroeker, Alfred Leidy and Norman Heap were hired.

Student files were opened to students for the first time by the Buckley Amendment.

Student loan programs were strained heavily due to a high default rate. A Superior Court judge ruled that charging foreign-alien students out-of-state tuition fees longer than other non-Californians was unconstitutional.

Gatorville residents marched on the administration building to protest a June, 1975, tear-down date for the housing complex, but Don Scoble told the 150 protesters the administration would hold firm.

Angela Davis lost a bid to teach here. No openings were available in the Social Science Department.

Tim Dayonot resigned the AS presidency to become special assistant to State Senator George Moscone. Stephanie Harriman took over.

An estimated third of the students who took it failed JEPET, a literary test required for graduation.

SF State Coach Gayle Hopkins, although voted the Far Western Conference's track coach of the year, lost his job because he



Wounded professor Walter Hacker lies near the restroom where a robber shot him in April, 1974. He recovered.



...and the disco-down, late-for-class 1978 version.

didn't have a doctorate.

Hopkins was the only black head coach at SF State at the time of his firing and was never rehired.

1975:

Gatorville residents continued to fight an eviction plan.

The Board of Trustees killed a proposal that would have allowed the sale of beer on campus.

Construction began on the new administration building.

International relations professor Ted Keller refused to testify against Michael Boyd, a black man accused of shooting a professor. Keller refused to testify because the crime was caused "by social injustices" inflicted by society.

By a 2,147 to 313 vote, students decided to keep the \$10 per semester AS activity fee which supported student government.

Nazi party members met in a Speech Department office while demonstrators tried to prevent them from speaking to a class.

Just over 2,000 students dragged themselves to the AS polling places and 611 voted for LeMond Goodloe, the next AS president.

The two pyramidal towers of the new Student Union remained closed when the building opened because they were not accessible to the handicapped.

The AS charged the administration with underfunding the Educational Opportunity Program. The AS asked for matching administration funds.

The death of a construction worker in the Student Union building resulted in the filing of a \$1 million claim against the CSUC system.

Warren Kessler, president of United Professors of California, charged Chancellor Glenn Dumke and the CSUC Board of Trustees with serious fund mismanagement. UPC said schools should have smaller classes, less red tape and larger staffs.

Library Director Frank A. Schneider estimated it cost \$50,000 yearly to replace stolen books. The Library had a \$50,000 security system.

Continued on Page 6

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They seem too lively to have been working the previous night, dressed too well to be going to work later in the morning and a little too young to be retired. Maybe there's just no work.

After more conversation, Frank tells Dawn he has to go to his office, but she should stop by and see him sometime.

"That would be nice," she says.

The Ritz - Eddy Street

The atmosphere isn't quite as friendly at the Ritz. The two customers in the bar are both grizzled wino types with beard stubble and stained, rumpled clothes. One is silent and motionless, moving only to drink his beer or to signal for another.

The second customer is waiting for the liquor store across the street to open so he can buy a bottle and go back up to his room and watch television. He spouts off to no one in particular about getting laid in the Tenderloin. "Man, you gotta be crazy to lay any of these broads around here. They all got the clap. If you go up to their place, you get beat on the head and robbed. I don't fuck around with none of these broads. When I wanna get laid, I go to Redwood City."

The bartender is washing glasses at a sink behind the bar. He's about 30, and wearing a loud, print shirt.

A young black man, one of a few standing outside the bar, walks in and asks for change for a \$20 bill.

"I ain't got any change yet," the bartender tells him.

"It's too early."

"C'mon, man, you got some change."

"I told ya it's too early," the bartender repeats. When the man leaves the bartender says, "They don't do nothing for me. Why should I do anything for them? They just stand out there all day looking for dope. Fuck 'em."

Hob Nob Lounge - Geary

The floor is carpeted, a large mirror rests on the wall behind the bar. A slow country ballad is playing on the juke box. Two customers sit at the bar with clear colored drinks.

A woman with short brown hair is dressed in a heavy blue coat that reaches below her knees. A man with shoulder length hair and keys hanging from a belt loop on his jeans is talking to the bartender about taxes and how much he's going to get back.

The bartender, about 30, is wearing a purple and white shirt which is unbuttoned at the chest.

After the woman leaves, the bartender says, "She told me she's not wearing anything under her coat. She said she didn't think I'd mind."

A bald man in his 40s comes in wearing a blue jogging

From the Strike to modern times

Continued from Page 5

1976:

Gatorville residents took their battle to the courts again in their fight to remain in the low-rent housing.

UPC members, upset by a Board of Trustees tenure vote they thought would hurt job security, argued against the replacement of tenure with merit as the basis for job layoffs. They won.

AS elections moved to December. They were previously held in April.

Kathleen Carlson, an SF State graduate student, was appointed the first student voting member of the CSJC Board of Trustees by Gov. Edmund G. Brown, Jr.

AS President LeMond Goodloe resigned while owing \$1,200. Mark Kerber became AS president.

Dorm fees increased by \$18. Student Union officials proposed a \$4 fee hike.

Mismanagement charges were brought against UPC officers in a *Phoenix* exclusive which resulted in the departure of Gordon Shadwick, business agent.

Campus administrators were asked not to disagree publicly with university policy by Norman Heap, vice-president for administrative affairs. Heap later changed his mind.

AS vice presidential candidate Bill Zachry was stabbed while at work off campus. He later lost the election.

Faculty members expressed dismay about Romberg's luxurious fifth floor office in the

New Administration Building, saying their own quarters were cramped.

\$350,000 in state money left over from the Liberian project, which ended in 1971, was discovered by *Phoenix*. The money had been used for an emergency loan fund for students and also for a \$100,000 loan to the Bookstore.

1977:

Despite conservation measures, the campus utility bill increased 38 percent.

The new Health Center opened.

Romberg was named as an additional defendant in another Gatorville suit.

AS President Thabiti Mtambuzi took office after receiving less than 800 votes. About 2,500 students voted.

Mtambuzi cut IR funding from the AS budget, fired Barry Bloom, AS chief justice, put himself on the editorial board of *Zenger's* and had a strained relationship with the campus administration.

Bloom was later reinstated by a student vote.

Former Gatorville residents, worn out after years of legal hassles, dropped their suit against the university.

Hugo Stanchi Nahuel, a 35-year-old former SF State English major, barricaded himself in his Parkmerced apartment and shot at two police cars. He was later convicted of assaulting police officers and was sentenced to five years to life in prison.

President Romberg refused to sign the AS budget because of procedural problems and the lack of IR funding.

The budget remained frozen the remainder of 1977. Some programs operated on a volunteer basis.

The first homicide in the history of SF State occurred. Jenny Low Chang, an honor student and dorm resident, was found sexually molested and murdered in the fourth floor faculty reading room of the Library. Chang's murder remains unsolved.

Security problems were raised and a special security committee set up. Konnilyn G. Felt, an administrator, was assaulted the same day she finished a campus safety report.

Floyd McCoy, an SF State freshman, was fired from his job as Library guard and arrested on three felony counts in connection with an off-campus incident involving a prostitute.

McCoy said he was a scapegoat for the university, but was convicted of false imprisonment and simple assault.

John Beecher, an English professor who was fired 27 years ago for refusing to sign a loyalty oath, was rehired.

Jack Hall, the campus chief of police, was demoted in a move the administration said was not related to the violent incidents on campus that year.

The Union fee rose \$5 per semester.

Wayne Lukaris and his slate swept the election. Less than 2,500 students voted.

The making of a Decade

Decade, a special supplement to Phoenix, was prepared by present and past members of the Phoenix staff, including Mark Harden, Eric Newton, Jacquie Harnes, David M. Cole, Gary Cameron, Michael Molenda, Jonathan Combs, Penny Parker and Martin Jeong.

Our thanks go to Bill Chapin, Frank Inferrera and L.A. Craig, who provided additional assistance.

Our thanks also go to the largely unrecognized students and teachers who worked for this newspaper during the last ten years. Decade is dedicated to each of them.

What we've won

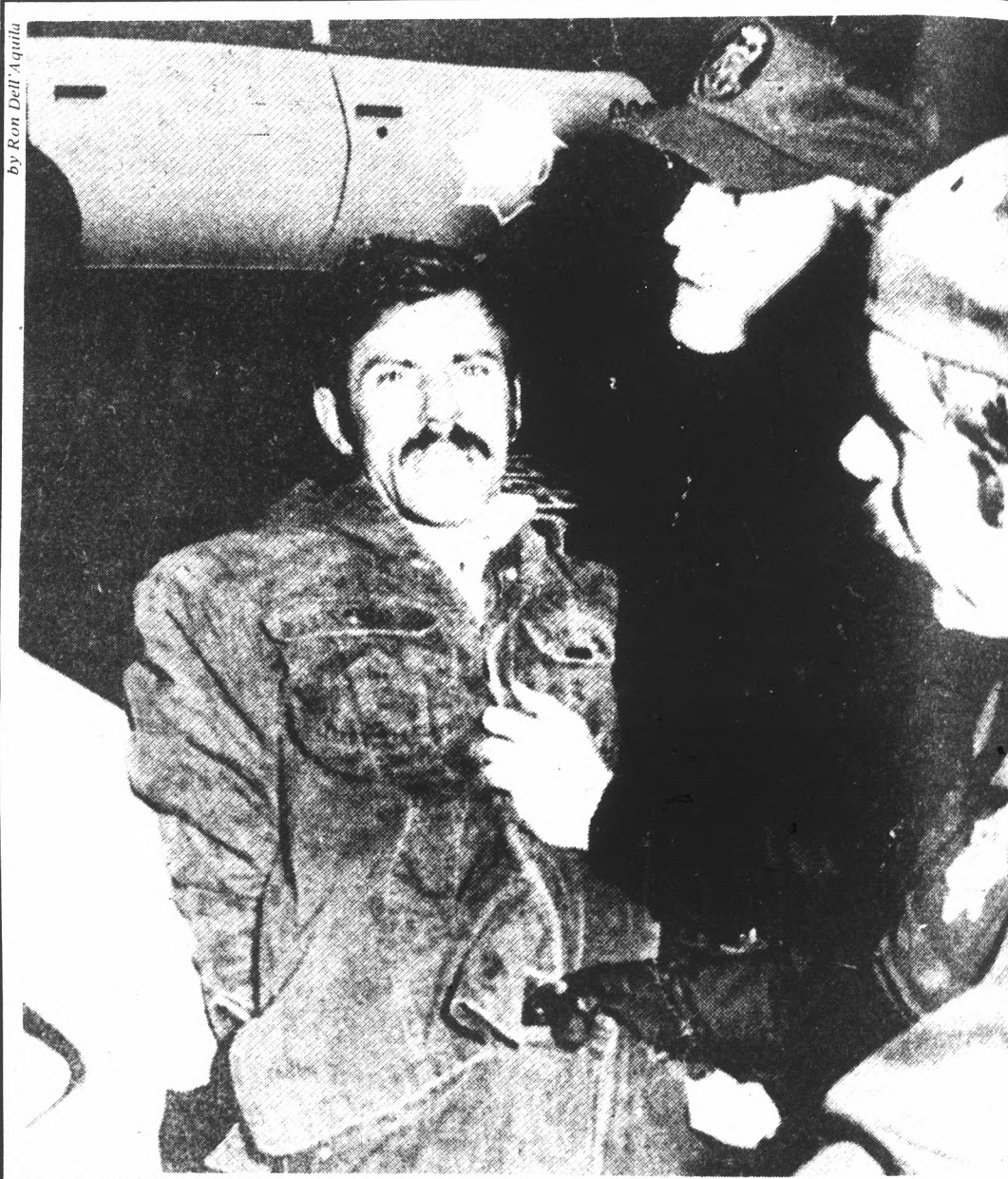
During its first decade of publication, Phoenix received the following honors:

California Newspaper Publishers Association awards for general excellence (four-year college or university newspapers) -- first place, 1970, 1975 and 1977; second place, 1976; merit award, 1969.

Associated Collegiate Press Pacemaker awards -- 1970, 1971 and 1972.

Associated Collegiate Press All-American merit awards -- fall, 1974; spring, 1975; fall, 1975; fall, 1976.

The J. Paul Leonard Library maintains a complete bound file of Phoenix issues.



Former student Hugo Stanchi Nahuel is arrested after an 11-hour stand-off with San Francisco police.



Tenderloin streets come to life at an early hour.

down to wait for the pounce to arrive and orders a whiskey on the rocks.

"Where was your car?" the bartender asks.

"On the sidewalk," she answers.

Cinnabar - Ellis Street

Two grimy men in thrift shop clothes sit at the bar drinking beer. A third man, similarly dressed, comes in and joins them.

"Can you trust me for a couple of drinks?" he asks the bartender.

Silently, the bartender opens a bottle of Budweiser and brings it to him. No one talks. The customers stare at their beer, or somewhere off in the distance. The bartender sits on a stool behind the bar and reads the Chronicle.

The black and white tile floor is cracked and dirty. Against the wall, two pinball machines stand, relics of the days when three games cost a dime. The long, wooden bar bears the initials of people who have come and gone.

Cinnabar is the decaying remains of an earlier, probably happier, era. It's murky and depressing, but faded photographs and other memorabilia on the walls recall a time when it must have been a popular place to get drunk with friends and listen to boxing or baseball on the radio.

A large picture of Babe Ruth, taking a mighty swat, hangs on the wall behind the bar. Next to it is an autographed picture of some obscure boxer, maybe a local boy who made good. "1938" it says under the signature.

By 10 o'clock the streets of the Tenderloin are alive. Stores are opening; buses and cars crowd the pavement. The junkies and winos are out, but they're not as plentiful or dangerous during the daylight.

Old people leave their hotels to visit friends and take care of business before darkness falls and they're forced to lock themselves away in their rooms again.

By now, many of the early morning drinkers have left their favorite haunts. Some remain -- waiting for the money or credit to run out. But for most, it's time to move on.

The hard hats, taxi drivers and other workers are either off to start a new day, or heading home after a long night on the job. Still others, the ones who seem to come from nowhere, just slip out the door and disappear.

The scoops that exposed the campus

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Digging for dirt has been one of the favorite pastimes of Phoenix reporters over the last 10 years. Here are a few of the paper's most noteworthy — and unusual — investigative reports.

October, 1970 — In a copyrighted story, Phoenix declared that academic departments were cheating students by listing phony sections of courses in the class schedule "for which no instructor is actually provided."

The practice "releases faculty from full teaching loads," the story said. Virtually all departments used the technique.

The day after the article appeared, the administration announced it had "already moved to solve the problem" by restoring class units to "underworked" professors.

November, 1970 — Douglas Odafter, an SF State graduate with an MA in geography, sought a teaching post at Southern Colorado State College in Pueblo. John R. Howard, chairman of SCSC's geography department, wrote back to Odafter saying he "would have a hard time" getting the job "without an endorsement by (S.F. State President S.I.) Hayakawa" because of a "rising wave of disfavor" over SF State's Strike.

The story said Odafter's case showed that SF State students "can expect to meet job discrimination" because of the Strike.

Ironically, Odafter had not even been on campus during the Strike.

In a phone interview, Howard said Odafter could have to "account for his activities during the Strike to the satisfaction of the department" before he could be considered for the post.

After the story appeared, SF State President S. I. Hayakawa complained of "black listing" to Colorado Governor John A. Love, who wrote a letter of apology to Odafter. Love also reprimanded the president of SCSC.

Reporters of the story: Tony Rodgers, Bill Cox.

November, 1971 — Bicycle rider Doris Lee Burton was killed by a fall on Lake Merced drive near the dorms. Phoenix discovered Burton had swerved to miss six cars parked in a tow-away zone.

A Phoenix reporter placed a nickle in the tire tread of the illegally-parked car Burton fell next to. The car was not moved during the week after the accident, nor was it ticketed.

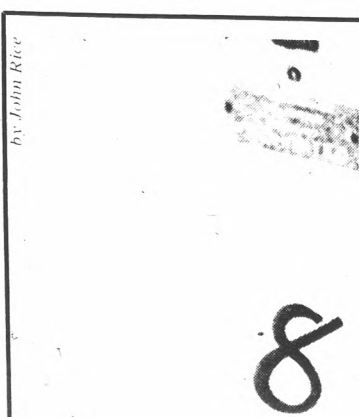
Reporter: Pete Groves.

February, 1973 — Phoenix exposed itself when it reported that Alexander Jason, a reporter for the paper in 1972, was actually an undercover San Francisco police officer assigned to spy on leftist revolutionary groups. Jason revealed his true identity during the trial of Sandra Kahn, a member of the Maoist Fenceremos group. Jason had successfully infiltrated the group while posing as a student at SF State.

Responding to an angry letter from B.H. Liebes, Journalism Department chairman, police officials insisted that Jason did not use his position as a reporter to gain information.

Reporters: David Campbell, Alison Strobel.

April, 1973, and December, 1977 — Phoenix checked twice in the space of five



At the former off-campus Faculty Club, which served booze without a license, a housekeeper told Phoenix staffers to go away.



Reporter: Michael Shryne.

years to see if SF State's Library was theft-proof. The Library flunked both tests, pointing out the need for tighter security at the main exit.

In both years, reporters had no trouble sneaking books past the front desk guards — even in 1977, when the Library's new electronic detection system failed to flush out the thief. The stolen books were promptly returned both times.

Reporters: Bruno B. Formér, Russell Pike.

March, 1974 — An insurance salesman told Phoenix that academic departments at SF State were giving out names, addresses and phone numbers of students to business firms — even though the university considers such information confidential. Charles Stone, dean of student affairs, said: "Our policy is that we do not give out names and addresses."

The story said that companies were using the information for mail-out campaigns.

Reporter: Steve Peckler.

September, 1974 and September, 1977 — In 1974, SF State's exclusive Faculty Club was located in a Parkmerced apartment. Phoenix disclosed that the club was selling beer, wine, and hard liquor without a license, and that the state Alcoholic Beverage Control board was investigating the club for possible violations of the law.

The ABC did not take legal action, but warned the club not to sell any more booze.

By 1977, the club had moved to the second floor of the Franciscan Building on campus, and had applied for (but not received) a liquor license. Again, Phoenix reported the club was selling wine. The practice stopped two hours after Phoenix questioned club officials.

Reporters: Carol Cox, Dan Markey.

September, 1974 — Phoenix revealed that SF State had paid \$38,000 to a contractor to paint two dorm buildings even though the contractor had been barred from federal contracts for allegedly receiving kick-back money.

The story also reported charges that the contractor applied new paint over peeling old paint because improper methods were used to remove the existing coat.

State Senator Milton Marks had advised SF State in 1973 not to use the controversial contractor "because of (its) illegal practices." SF State President Paul F. Romberg replied: "We have not found any way to keep from proceeding with the contract."

Spring, 1976 — In a series of articles published during the semester, Phoenix examined a book loan program administered by SF State's Pan Afrikan Student Union. The program was funded by the Associated Students.

The key story of the series accused PASU of channeling its funds to off-campus black nationalist groups. Other irregularities, including improper payments to guest speakers and alleged distribution of book loans on the basis of race, were reported.

The AS responded to the series by temporarily cutting off its advertising in Phoenix and by accusing the paper of "racist reporting." But the administration was sufficiently concerned to freeze the book loan funds.

Reporters: Daniel C. Carson, Mike Hutcheson.

Fall, 1976, and Spring, 1977 — Associated Students President LeMond Goodloe resigned on Aug. 4, 1976, owing \$1,200 in unaccounted-for travel funds and advances to the AS, Phoenix disclosed in September, 1976. A lengthy series followed over the next two semesters, reporting that Goodloe had embezzled \$7,000 from a student lobbying group, and that he had been convicted for burglary and robbery prior to his election.

Goodloe was later convicted of grand theft and ordered to pay back the money.

Reporters: Scott Zonder, Mark Harden, Daniel C. Carson, Alan Nation.

Spring, 1977 — Phoenix disclosed that the Student Health Center had prescribed Daprisal, a drug considered ineffective by the Food and Drug Administration, after manufacturers had removed Daprisal from the market at the FDA's request. A series of articles also reported that the Health Center did not tell patients who were prescribed Daprisal of its ineffectiveness.

Reporter: Caroline Young.

September, 1977 — After SF State student Jenny Low Chang was murdered in the Library, Phoenix proved that, despite the claims of campus officials, Chang's murderer could have taken the elevator into the building and then exited through a fire door. The story told how a nail file could have been used to operate the elevator, and reported that fire exit alarms weren't operating on the night of the murder.

Reporters: Madeline McKay, Robert B. Wardell.

PHOENIX
page 12 March 30, 1978

BACKWORDS

Th

by Jeff Kaye

At six o'clock in the morning the Tenderloin is quiet, misty and cold. The sun is just beginning to rise, but the local bars are already opening.

As early morning drinkers come inside, some of them joke and call the bartender by name, as if they were spending an evening out with the boys. Others come in silently, desperate for their first taste of the morning.

Whiskey and vodka are poured, but most customers ask for beer. Some don't have to make requests. They walk in, say good morning, and immediately get a glass of the usual.

Morning drinking in the Tenderloin takes place in bars nestled between cheap hotels and greasy spobns, on streets such as Eddy, Ellis and Turk.

The 501 - Jones Street

A gray-haired man drinking a bottle of Budweiser looks like J. Edgar Hoover with his round, wrinkled face and plump jowls. His receding hair is slicked straight back and his faded sports jacket is at least 30 years old. Halfway through his second bottle he notices her.

She is sitting three bar stools to his left, sipping a glass of Olympia. Maybe she's 30; maybe she's 40. It's hard to tell. Her dirty blonde hair comes down to the middle of her ear on the sides and is slightly longer in back. Her face is blank as she mechanically drinks her beer and takes long drags off a Winston.

He stares at her, waiting to make eye contact. When she looks toward him he smiles and says, "Hi, what's your name?" The sound of his voice competes with a Tom Jones record on the juke box and the laughter of four men farther down the bar.

"Dawn," she answers.

"Phyllis?"

"No, Dawn."

The four men seated together at the far end of the bar roll dice for drinks with the bartender. One is drinking Budweiser, the others Coors, or "Colorado Kool-Aid" as they call it.

Behind them is a dusty pinball machine and a working restroom with an "Out of Order" sign tacked on the door. The bartender later said that the sign is "just there to keep the people off the street out."

After a slight pause, Dawn turns back to the man on her right and asks his name.

"Frank, Frank Sullivan."

She looks surprised. "Frank Sinatra?"

"No, Frank Sullivan."

He pulls out his wallet and hands her a business card. "You're in construction?" she asks.

"Real estate too," he says proudly.

She smiles, takes another sip of beer and with more enthusiasm asks, "Are you married?"

"No, no. I'm a bachelor. Been a bachelor for 25 years."

The men at the end of the bar are talking about ships. "This country doesn't build good ships anymore," one of them says. "All the good ones are coming out of Japan," says another.

As they continue to talk, it becomes obvious that they are longshoremen, but whether they still work is not clear.

They appear to be in their mid-50s and are wearing sports shirts. Two have gray crew cuts, another is almost bald and the fourth has short black hair with traces of gray.

They seem too lively to have been working the previous night, dressed too well to be going to work later in the morning and a little too young to be retired. Maybe there's just no work.

After more conversation, Frank tells Dawn he has to go to his office, but she should stop by and see him sometime.

"That would be nice," she says.

The Ritz - Eddy Street

The atmosphere isn't quite as friendly at the Ritz. The two customers in the bar are both grizzly wino types with beard stubble and stained, rumpled clothes. One is silent and motionless, moving only to drink his beer or to signal for another.

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A young black man, one of a few standing outside the bar, walks in and asks for change for a \$20 bill.

"I ain't got any change yet," the bartender tells him. "It's too early."

"C'mon, man, you got some change."

"I told ya it's too early," the bartender repeats.

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After the woman leaves, the bartender says, "She told me she's not wearing anything under her coat. She said she didn't think I'd mind."

A bald man in his 40s comes in wearing a blue jogging

What do you say to a naked writer?

No one has spent more time on the Phoenix staff than David M. Cole. He continues to haunt the Journalism Department as its resident perpetual student, but he spends most of his time nowadays as a makeup editor of the San Francisco Examiner and managing editor of feed/back northern California's answer to the Columbia Journalism Review.

In the following rumination, Cole tells how, even in the slow news years following the Strike, Phoenix found ways to use up its pubescent energy.

The woman, to use a common media phrase, was scantily clad. It appeared as though all she had on was a blue workshirt and a gag.

They had tied her to a light post on Portola Drive in San Francisco. She writhed against her bonds for an hour, trying to get a motorist's attention. Finally, someone called the police.

The plot of a poorly written novel? A scene out of a porno flick? Not really. More like Judith Nielsen, a Phoenix reporter, trying to do what she thought was her job.

She wasn't the only one tied up. So was Ron Patrick, another Phoenix reporter, but he was in Union Square. No one helped him, either. So they had themselves tied up together in the back of a VW bug on a busy street. Again, no one came to the rescue.

This was all Nielsen's idea for a story she and Patrick wrote on people not wanting to get involved. It ran in Phoenix on Nov. 29, 1973. Newspapers all over the country picked up the story.

Nielsen had a few big stories while with Phoenix — and the one on being tied up was the least sensational.

In fall, 1973, Nielsen and her editors started wondering about sexual relations between faculty members and students. Nielsen's game plan was to do a survey of teachers on the subject and also do anonymous interviews with both professors and students.

She sent out dittoed survey sheets to all the faculty mail boxes she could find, but a few of the questionnaires went to student assistants by mistake. The result was a few angry letters about the subject of the survey, some wild fantasies ("We did it in the bottom drawer of my office filing cabinet...") and some truthful thoughts and feelings.

Nielsen's final piece was two to three times longer than any story Phoenix had ever printed. So the editors divided it in half and decided to run the first part on Oct. 25, 1973, and the rest the following week.

The local press went wild on the story. TV, radio, newspaper and wire service reporters and cameras flocked to SF State to talk to the woman who knew all about professor-student sexual affairs. This caused a great deal of consternation among the administrators on campus.

B.H. Liebes, chairman of the Journalism Department and publisher of Phoenix, felt the methods used in preparing Nielsen's survey did not ensure accuracy. So he ordered the Phoenix staff not to print Part Two.

Some called this censorship. The American Civil Liberties Union was called in, but their lawyer said it was not censorship when the publisher stopped the publication of an article.

If the local press had gone wild over Part One of the story, the fact that Part Two wasn't to be printed sent them into convulsions. Again the TV and radio stations, newspapers and wire services sent reporters. This time the newswalkies sent reporters too. And the Chronicle and the San Francisco edition of the Marin-based Pacific Sun both offered to buy Nielsen's entire piece. The Sun ran the piece and eventually hired Nielsen as a reporter.

Part Two finally ran in the Phoenix of Nov. 8, 1973, with all references to Nielsen's survey removed. Only face-to-face interviews with professors and students remained.

* * *

Journalism students aren't like most. While their peers are studying, going to movies and concerts, or just generally goofing off, "J-majors" stay at school until 3 a.m. to get the paper out. It's the running joke of Phoenix that its staffers receive only three units of credit each semester; they put in enough hours for 15.

So, if only for the sheer amount of work they do, Phoenix writers and editors can be excused for their occasional pranks.

A case in point is the time the paper named the Student Union after George Fenneman, Groucho Marx's straight man and SF State alumnus. For months, Phoenix called the structure "Fenneman Hall" in its pages.

Another example was the creation of Phoenix's own gossip column, "Universitems." At times the feature was pretty good, but in truth there is only one San Francisco newspaper gossip columnist, and he runs in the morning paper next to the Macy's ad. "Universitems" didn't do anything to change that.

One of the fun things that the "Universitems" writer — a fellow named Paul Thiele — did was to run a "name the bridge" contest. The bridge in question was built to temporarily span an excavated area during the construction of the Student Union.

Thiele thought the bridge should have a name, and decided he would have a contest to choose one, but didn't know what prize to give. Finally, someone in the Phoenix office suggested that Thiele give away his dilapidated 1958 Plymouth. So the next week at the top of his column, Thiele ran a picture of the Plymouth with himself behind the wheel, smiling and waving.

Only later did it dawn on Thiele that he needed the car and didn't want to give it away.

His problem solved itself when an anonymous construction worker painted a "No Vehicles On Bridge" sign and fastened it to the span. The worker won the contest (if it isn't clear, the entry was "No Vehicles On"), and, in keeping with the new name Thiele kept the prize.

But if Phoenix was absurd on occasion, so was the campus it covered. And SF State's president during Phoenix's early years was a walking media event.

S.I. Hayakawa was known as Don then because it was said he aspired to be an Oxford Don. Whatever he did he played it up for the press — especially the photographers.

When a female campus cop was sworn in, Hayakawa performed the honors himself — in



Reporter Judith Nielsen on the job.

front of 20 reporters and photographers.

When one of the zoo's elephant trains was brought on campus to transport dormies to the center of campus, Hayakawa donned a pith helmet and drove the first train to the accompaniment of clicking shutters.

When the Commons (a building in the center of the campus that housed a cafeteria and some pinball machines) was to be torn down to make way for the Student Union, Hayakawa put on a hard hat and jumped up to the controls of the demolition crew's wrecking crane to make the first hit.

But at times one could see the weariness of a man who seemed to wish he was performing in another arena.

* * *

I spent a little more than five years with Phoenix. The real story of that time is not of the things we wrote about or of the characters we encountered. It's the story of reporters skipping classes to cover the news, of editors hunched over production tables on long, thankless Wednesday nights, of fighting the typesetting machinery, of the constant effort to get everything right.

Behind all that was the concern that we were putting out the paper only for ourselves. Would anyone read the damn thing the next morning?

But somehow, when I got in to school at around two in the afternoon and saw the paper on the rack, with a story or headline I had written, a photo I had taken or a page I had designed, I knew it was worth it.



Beer is the usual morning eye-opener for bar regulars.



Tenderloin streets come to life at an early hour.

down to wait for the police to arrive and orders a whiskey on the rocks.

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